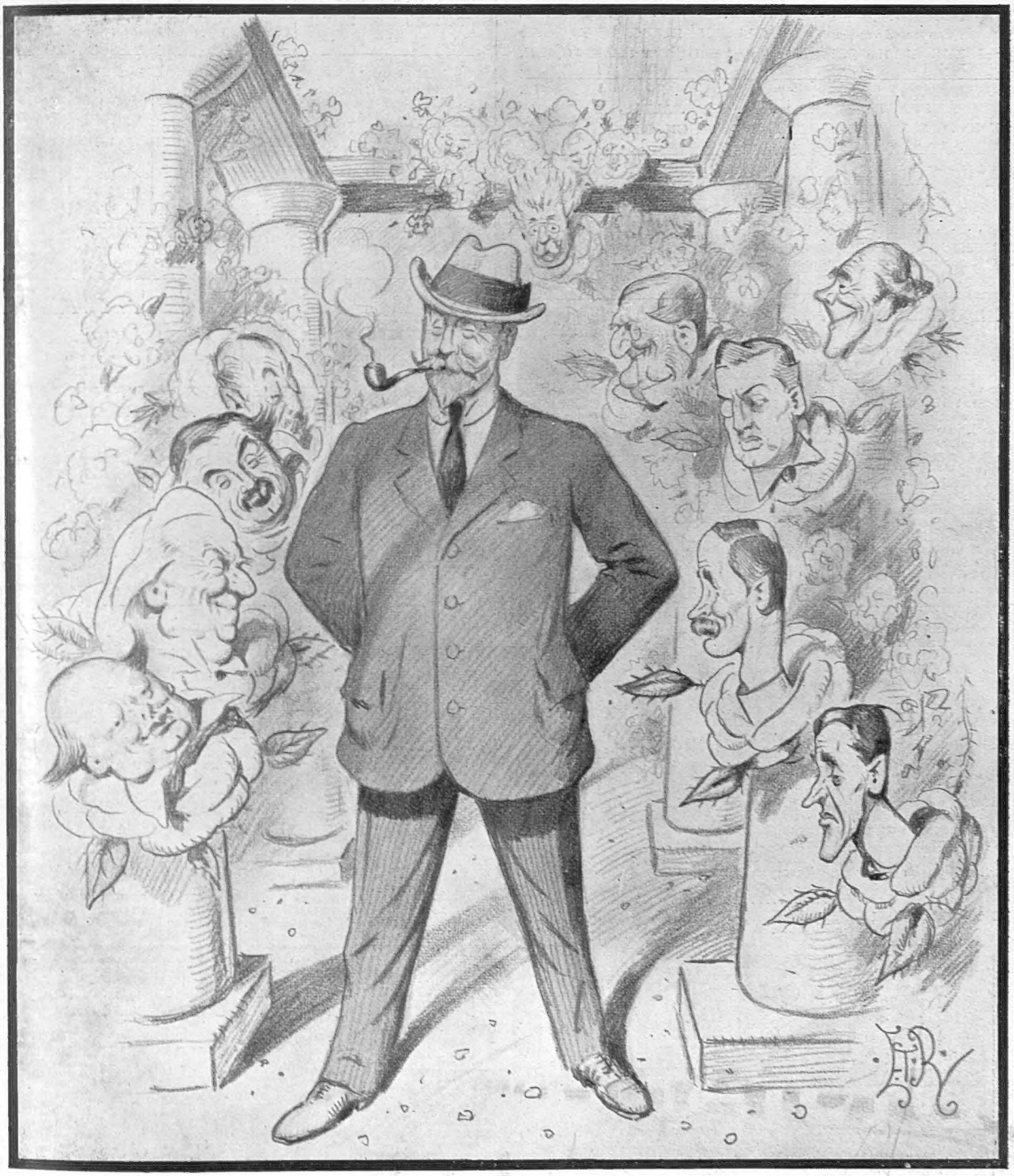
Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 458.—Vol. XXXV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 11, 1912 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.



MR. SPEAKER'S PERGOLA: BY E. T. REED

"No one was considered a gentleman who had not a pergola"

(Mr. Speaker's speech in opening a fruit and flower show at Carlisle)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!" REVUE.
BARNOLD'S DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS,
"NEW YORK," and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS, at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening, at 8.15.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production,
"GIPSY LOVE," a MUSICAL PLAY in 3 Acts.
Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, Sats., at 2. Tel. 201 Ger.

GARRICK. "FIND THE WOMAN."
A Play in Four Acts by CHARLES KLEIN.
Re-appearance of ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINEE, WEDS., and SATS., at 2.30.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.
Every Evening, at 8. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' production,
a Musical Play in Two Acts. "THE SUNSHINE GIRL."
MATINÉE SATURDAY NEXT. Box Office open 10 to 10.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. Every Evening, at 9.
MISS MARIE TEMPEST produces
"ART AND OPPORTUNITY," by Harold Chapin.
Preceded at 8.30, by Mr. Warwick Pryce. MAT. EVERY WED., at 2.30.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.
Condensed version of "I PAGLIACCI," ELLALINE TERRISS
and SEYMOUR HICKS in "THE SLUM ANGEL," FRED KITCHEN,
MAUDE TIFFANY, and Star Co. 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2.30 and 8.
SCHWARTZ BROS., "THE CONCEALED BED," R. G.
KNOWLES, SMARGAD'S CATS & DOGS, CHARLOTTE PARRY,
DARRAS BROS., and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.
Always the Best Entertainment in London.
Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10.
Matinées, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
Admission from 6*d.* to 5*s.* Private Boxes, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, and £1 1*s.*
ARTHUR BOURCHIER'S "Seven Blind Men," Eugene Stratton,
Evie Greene, Jack & Evelyn, "Fancy Free," T. E. Dunville, Adele
Moraw, Ella Retford, Sisters Trapnell, Signor Tolomey, Varieties, etc., etc.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000** will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 10th day of Sept., 1912, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 18th day of Sept., 1912.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature .....

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited.
36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TRAVEL.

P & O—A Winter Tour.

INDIA, CEYLON, EGYPT. } **£80 net.**

WEEKLY from LONDON, MARSEILLES and BRINDISI,

Including rail through India, via Bombay, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Benares and Calcutta, thence by P. & O. Intermediate Steamer to London, or vice versa.

Illustrated Handbook on application,

P & O Offices { 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. / Northumberland Avenue, W.C. } **LONDON**

R.M.S.P. YACHTING CRUISES DE LUXE, 1912.

By Ocean Yachting Steamer
"ARCADIAN"
Twin-screw 8,939 tons. All cabins fitted with Bedsteads instead of Berths. Promenade Deck full length of Vessel. Electric Fans in all Cabins. Electric Laundry, Swimming Bath. Gymnasium. No Cargo carried.

Cr. 7 PENINSULA MOROCCO & MARSEILLES	28 Sept	10 days
Most luxurious & interesting Route to the RIVIERA		
Cr. 8. HOLY LAND & EGYPT	9 Oct	29 days
Cr. 9. ALGERIA, SPAIN, &c.	9 Nov	15 days
Cr. 10. WEST INDIES & BERMUDA from Southampton	3 Dec	62 Days
Unique Winter Cruise via Lisbon, Madeira, West Indian Is., to Jamaica and Bermuda and back by "ORUBA" via Panama, Venezuela, Canary Is., and Morocco, arriving at Southampton	3 Feb	

Extension. From Jamaica to Bermuda & back from £5 extra.

Illustrated Booklets from
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.
London: 18, Moorgate Street, E.C., or 32, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOLIDAYS IN CANADA

HUNTING | FISHING
CAMPING | CANOEING

CANADIAN NORTHERN LINES TRAVERSE THE FINEST SPORTING GROUNDS IN CANADA

Travel from Bristol by

ROYAL LINE

FASTEST STEAMERS

For full particulars, Sailing dates, Fares, etc., apply Head Offices: Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C. Ticket Offices: Baltic House, 27, Leadenhall Street, E.C., 21, Charing Cross, S.W., 65, Haymarket, S.W., London; 65, Baldwin Street, Bristol; Chapel Street, Liverpool; 141, Corporation Street, Birmingham; 125, Hope Street, Glasgow; 1 bis rue Scribe, Paris.

CHARITIES.

HOLIDAYS.

HUNDREDS WAITING.

Half-starved MOTHERS and CHILDREN.

7*s.* 6*d.* will pay for an adult and 5*s.* for a child at the Church Army

HOLIDAY HOMES

at Bexhill, St. Leonard's, or Godstone.

Funds urgently needed and will be gratefully acknowledged by Miss WALKER, Hon. Secretary, Fresh-Air Department, 53, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. Cheques to be crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, Hon. Chief Secretary.

REDUCED REPRODUCTION OF THE NEW "BYSTANDER" COVER HEADING TO APPEAR NEXT WEEK

LOOK OUT
NEXT WEEK
for the
New "Bystander"
Cover Design
Specially Painted in Colours by
RENÉ LELONG

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

Our Friend the Stranger

THE Intelligent Foreigner is, of course, a person in whom it would be blasphemy to disbelieve. Probably he does (when taking his holidays from intelligence) visit this country. It is even possible that one or two of him were about last week, and that among the things that attracted their interest were our newspapers. "Ah, yes. These newspapers —*ces journaux!* In them we shall find the affairs of the world as seen by these English. We shall know their ideas. Let us see."

* * *

From the Sublime—

ONE day's inspection would be enough (after all, he is the Intelligent Foreigner), and the day might have been that on which I am writing (September 6). Opening the most widely circulated paper, his eye would be caught by two leading items, outer columns to the right and left. The one would be "THE ORIGIN OF LIFE: SIR RAY LANKESTER'S VIEWS. EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL. SYNTHETIC SLIME. THE WHOLE HISTORY OF MAN. A PROFESSOR'S FAIRY STORY." The Intelligent Foreigner would wipe his mist-sodden glasses. "Is this, then, so? That these millions of British are really interested suddenly, this Friday morning, in the origin of life and the evolution of the soul?"

* * *

—To the Ridiculous

THEN the I.F. would switch across to the other column, and would read, "GOLF IN A HEAT WAVE. NO BRITON IN THE AMERICAN FINAL. MR. NORMAN HUNTER TOO ILL TO PLAY. EX-CHAMPION'S SUNSHADE." This man, this John Bull, after he has mastered the eternal truths about his soul, does he really turn without emotion to the description of how certain gentlemen, thousands of miles away, competed in the placing of small balls into small holes? I fear the Intelligent Foreigner would immediately give up all hope to understand the Briton, which is natural enough, as I am quite sure we don't understand ourselves.

* * *

September Settling Down

NOW that September seems to be settling down into a nice intelligent anticipation of October, and is, at all events, trying to look as unlike August as it is possible to be, would it not be a good thing if the newspapers ceased publishing weather reports? We know, of course, that the deep depression still hangs over the Atlantic, that a low-pressure system is more or less permanently established, and that only Iceland seems to be meteorologically fit for publication, but we would wish to deceive ourselves, to take weather as we find it, to enjoy the sunshine while we may, and to take no thought for the morrow.

* * *

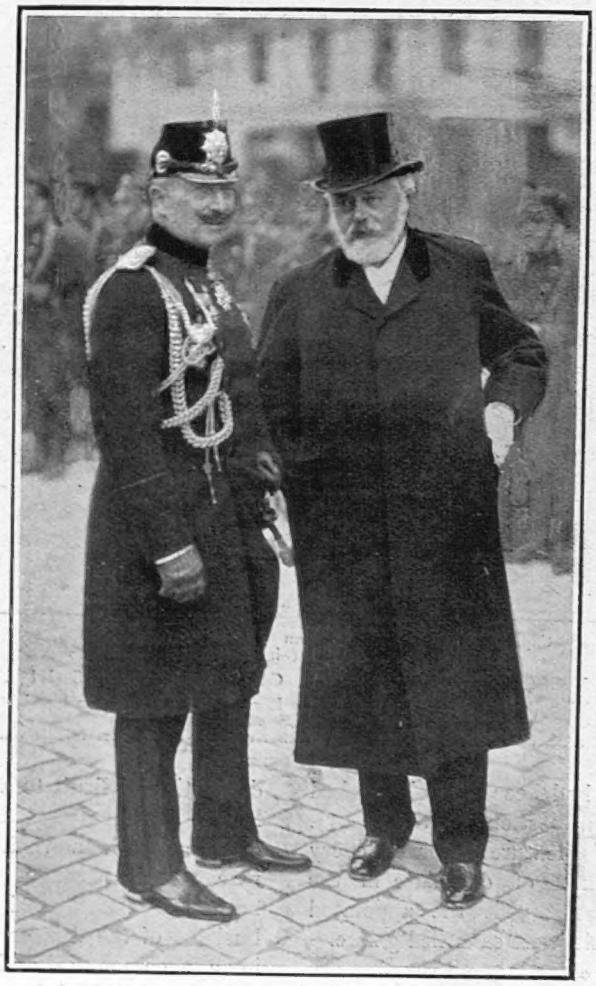
A Forecast

WE are perfectly aware that the absence of our normal sun-allowance is going to tell on us when winter comes. Well, let it tell. So far as recollection serves, October and November are often among the brightest and sunniest months of the year, and I offer as a forecast that they are going to be so surprisingly pleasant this 1912 that Christmas numbers appearing too prematurely will experience bad sales.

* * *

Winter or Summer Holidays

THE German Imperial Bank has started winter holidays, and, in the spirit of Mr. George, is offering nine days for seven (if taken at the wrong time). The idea has not caught on in London, the average person deciding that he prefers



THE KAISER AS A SWISS REPUBLICAN GUARD

Of all the uniforms ever donned by his much-uniformed Majesty, surely the most incongruous was that in which he arrived in Switzerland. A Republican! Himmel!

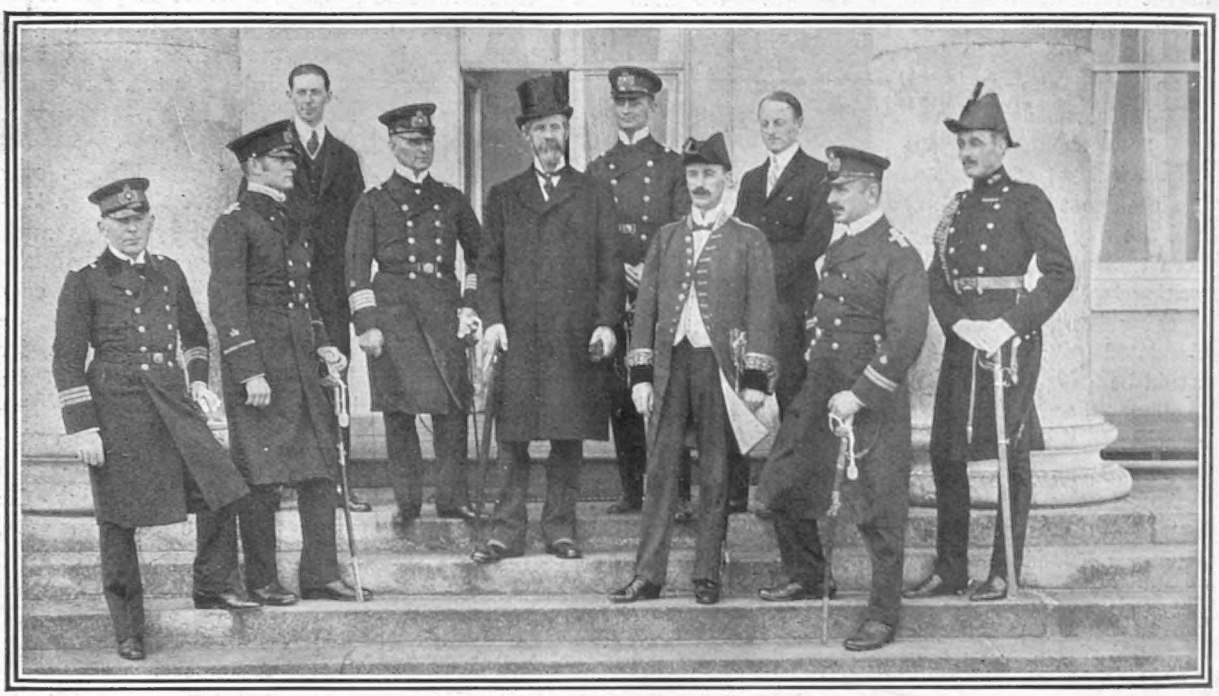
Quite a Different Kind of Hospitality!

a wet holiday in summer to anything he is likely to get in the winter. As a sporting nation, it is only to be expected that we should prefer the chance of the good thing to the certainty of the indifferent one. Germans, it may be added, are able to take ideal winter holidays, amid snow, ice, and sunshine, either in their own or their Swiss and Austrian neighbours' mountains—whereas, for the average English town-worker, distance makes such joys practically prohibitive.

***

Disappointed Swiss

ALL last week a deep depression hung over Switzerland because the Imperial visitor was compelled to curtail his programme. Staunch Republicans, the Swiss are nevertheless a nation of



Photograph] Capt. von Kameke Lord Aberdeen The German Consul (Sir James Murphy, Bart.) [*Lafayette*

IRISH VICEREGAL HONOURS TO GERMAN OFFICERS IN UNIFORM

The photograph was taken at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and shows Lord Aberdeen, with, on his right, Captain von Kameke, and next but one on his left the German Consul, Sir James Murphy. The officers entered Ireland in uniform, and, that being the case, they were received with quite a different kind of official hospitality to that recently shown less formal visitors from the same country

waiters, and a Kaiser visit had been carefully looked forward to as one of the attractions of the season. But all in vain. Though his features adorned every picture-postcard and packet of chocolate in the Oberland, the Kaiser did not visit the appointed places, and rooms, as a result, were cancelled galore.

***

Naval Manœuvres "Secrecy"

A CROMARTY Correspondent writes:—

Are you aware that, though the manœuvres of the British Navy are supposed to be kept secret, and that during the recent manœuvres only officers on full-pay were allowed as guests on board the ships taking part, yet Mr. Winston Churchill, who has been here during the last week, has a party of friends, including his wife, Lord and Lady Lytton, Miss Irene Lawley, etc., on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, and that this party went out on Monday week in the *Enchantress* and H.M.S. *Indomitable* to view the manœuvres of the submarines, which, one would think, are of all manœuvres supposed to be most secret. Does this seem right? Also, as I understand the Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth is not now allowed a yacht on account of expense, one would like to know if these guests on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* are entertained at Mr. Churchill's private expense or at the nation's?

A CROMARTY RESIDENT.

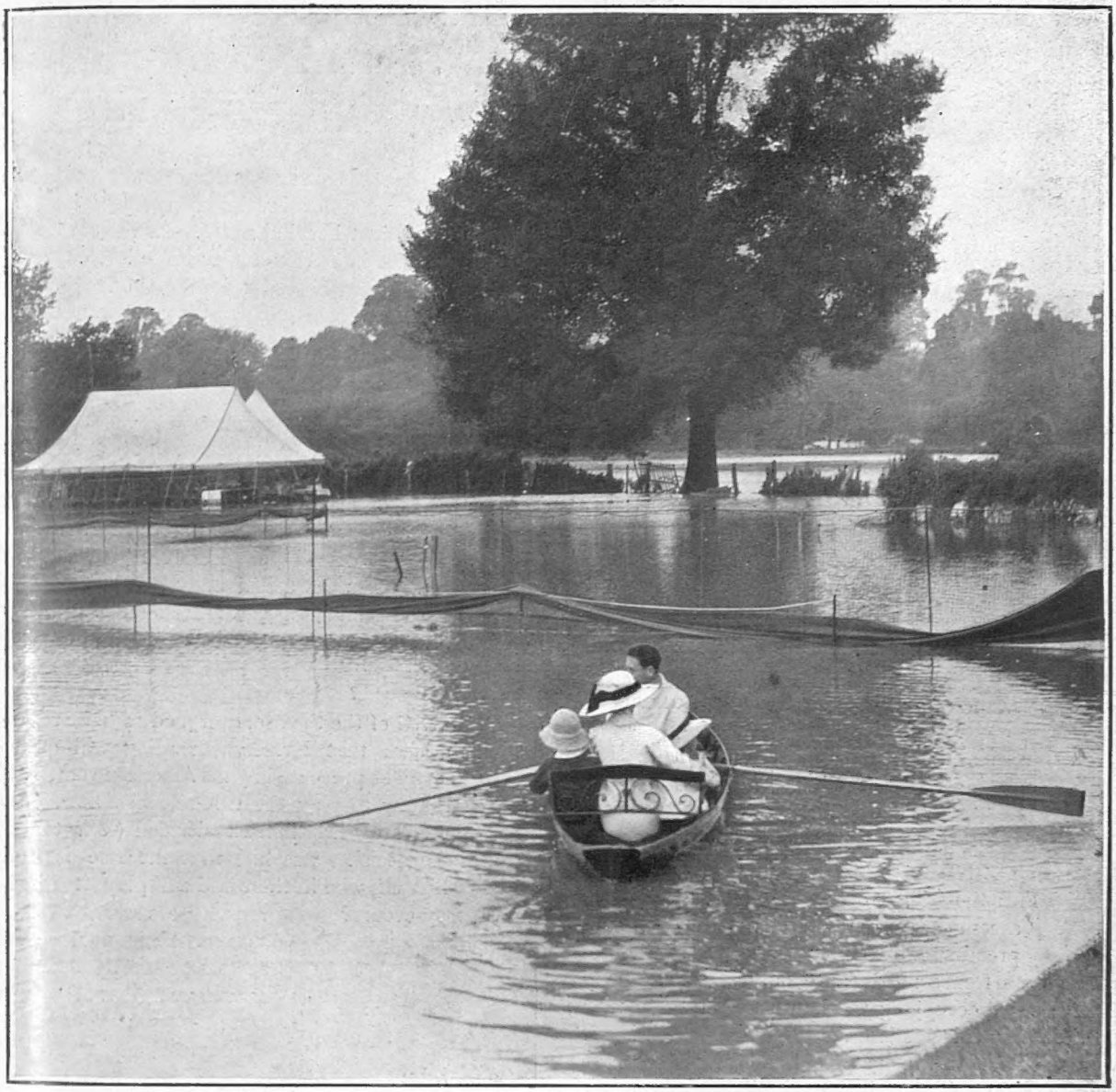
***

Doncaster

THE Doncaster meeting this week stands for the first big event in the autumn calendar of that section of Society who are really keen race-goers, and, though neither the King nor any member of the Royal family will attend it this year, it promises to be an unusually representative gathering. All the big places within its sphere of influence are once again keeping open-house. There is still a subtle distinction, difficult to analyse, perhaps, but none the less palpable, between the "drawing-room" meetings of the South and the gathering on a Northern race course. Possibly it lies in the fact that both the classes and masses alike, keen on the business of the day, contrive to sink their "hatred" in a common solidarity of sport. Anyway, the spectacle the Moor presents on one of the big days is, not even barring Epsom Downs, pretty well unique, for sportsmen who cannot afford to get there by any other means turn up year after year on foot. King Edward, who had the *sentiment du Turf* to his fingers' tips, never liked missing the Doncaster meeting, which he always attended as Lord and Lady Savile's guest from Rufford Abbey, and if the social coterie that formed his late Majesty's circle at Newmarket and elsewhere is now dispersed, there should be a big muster of the old *habitués* of Doncaster.

Aquatic Lawn Tennis

A REAL PICTURE AND ITS IMAGINARY CONSEQUENCES



Photograph *Beeston*

A boating expedition over the lawn tennis courts of the Ross (Herefordshire) Club, during the tournament week

The photograph reproduced above shows that the two sketches beneath it are not by any means as fanciful as might be supposed. At the Ross (Herefordshire) lawn tennis tournament, the courts, owing to the rising of the river Wye fourteen feet above its normal height, were inundated while the tournament was actually in progress, so rapidly, that in twenty minutes they were eighteen inches under water, and the players had to beat a hasty retreat. The tournament was not actually abandoned, for four other courts and a "hard" court, on higher and (comparatively) drier ground were lent for the occasion, and on these the principal events were finished off after a fashion—often in pouring rain. We are indebted to Mr. Vernon Woodhouse, himself a tennis enthusiast whom no amount of bad weather can dismay, for the ideas which form the basis of the two sketches.

Competitor, at the request of the Referee, going on to court with dreadnought racket

WHAT IT MAY—

Referee inspecting the courts, and pronouncing them officially fit for play

—COME TO SOON

September Social Doings in Town and Out

Photograph *Cooper*

AN IDEAL-LOOKING COLONIAL GOVERNORESS

An unconventional photograph of the Countess of Liverpool, whose husband is shortly to succeed Lord Islington as Governor of New Zealand. Lady Liverpool is an Irishwoman, being the only daughter of Viscount Monck, and should make an ideal Colonial Governor's wife, as she is at once cultured, domesticated, and fond of sport. The picture was taken at her Lincoln residence, Hartsholme Hall

Hostesses and Houses

WITH the advent of the motor the days when accommodation in the town itself was at a premium are over, for most of the big house-parties come from some distance, but as Lord and Lady Lonsdale are occupying the house they usually take on the Moor, it is possible that before the week is out we may yet have a photograph of his lordship, perhaps—who knows? smoking a big cigar. Lady Savile is, for the first time during the past two or three years, entertaining at Rufford Abbey, where the refectory, the beautiful crypt, and even the kitchens are very much as the Cistercians left them; and Lady Fitzwilliam is not likely to run short of spare bedrooms at Wentworth Wodehouse, which could easily put up a regiment. Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington bring their guests from Chevet Park (where the champion toys at most bulldog shows comes from), and Sir Edward Green a bachelor party from Treasurer's House, within the precints of York Minster, in its furniture and appointments, perhaps, the most perfect seventeenth-century mansion in the country.

* * *

The Quality of the Shire

OTHER big houses which will be full for Doncaster week include Wiseton Hall, where Colonel and Mrs. Laycock always entertain most hospitably; Tranby Croft, where Mrs. Arthur Wilson has a small family party; Warter Priory, now the country home of Florence, Lady Nunburnholme; Hickleton Hall, Lord and Lady Halifax's Yorkshire seat; and Nostell Priory, where Lord St. Oswald has a few friends. The quality in the Shire of Broad Acres, make little account of distance when it is a question of Doncaster.

* * *

A Memory of Biarritz, 1910

IT is interesting to note that among the "dine-and-sleep" visitors to Balmoral last week was Miss Agnes Keyzer. This lady's name will be familiar as having, on the outbreak of the Boer War, turned her house into a hospital for invalid officers, and herself into a most efficient hospital nurse. As the constant companion of the late King during those last days at Biarritz, she was not likely long to be overlooked by his son. It was to Miss Keyzer that the late King often spoke so freely of the political embarrassments which were heaped upon him at the time in question.

* * *

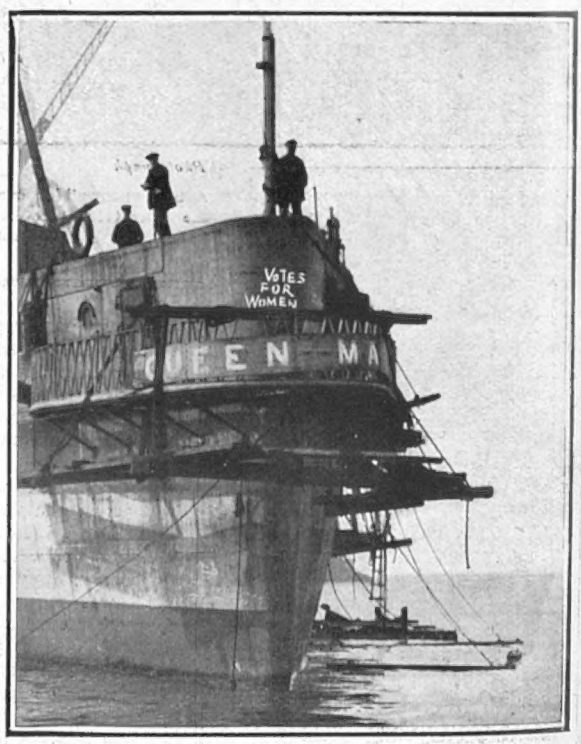
Smart First-Nighters

LONDON'S social emptiness was not apparent, judging by last week's chief *première*—that of the *Girl in the Taxi*. Among those present were Lady Knollys, the Countess Torby, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle, Archdeacon Sinclair, Lord and Lady Maitland, Lady Wolseley, Lady Sarah Wilson, Sir Edmund and Lady Letchworth, and Sir John Rolleston.

* * *

Who Will Succeed?

TALKING of the theatre, everybody will be sorry to learn that Mr. Lyn Harding will quite shortly be prevented by his American contracts from continuing to play the title-rôle in *Drake*. As Sir Herbert Tree has himself decided (it is to be assumed the decision was his) that the rôle is not suited to himself, who in the world *will* play it when the vacancy occurs?



Photograph *Castle Fletcher*

THE "QUEEN MARY'S" MESSAGE TO WINSTON

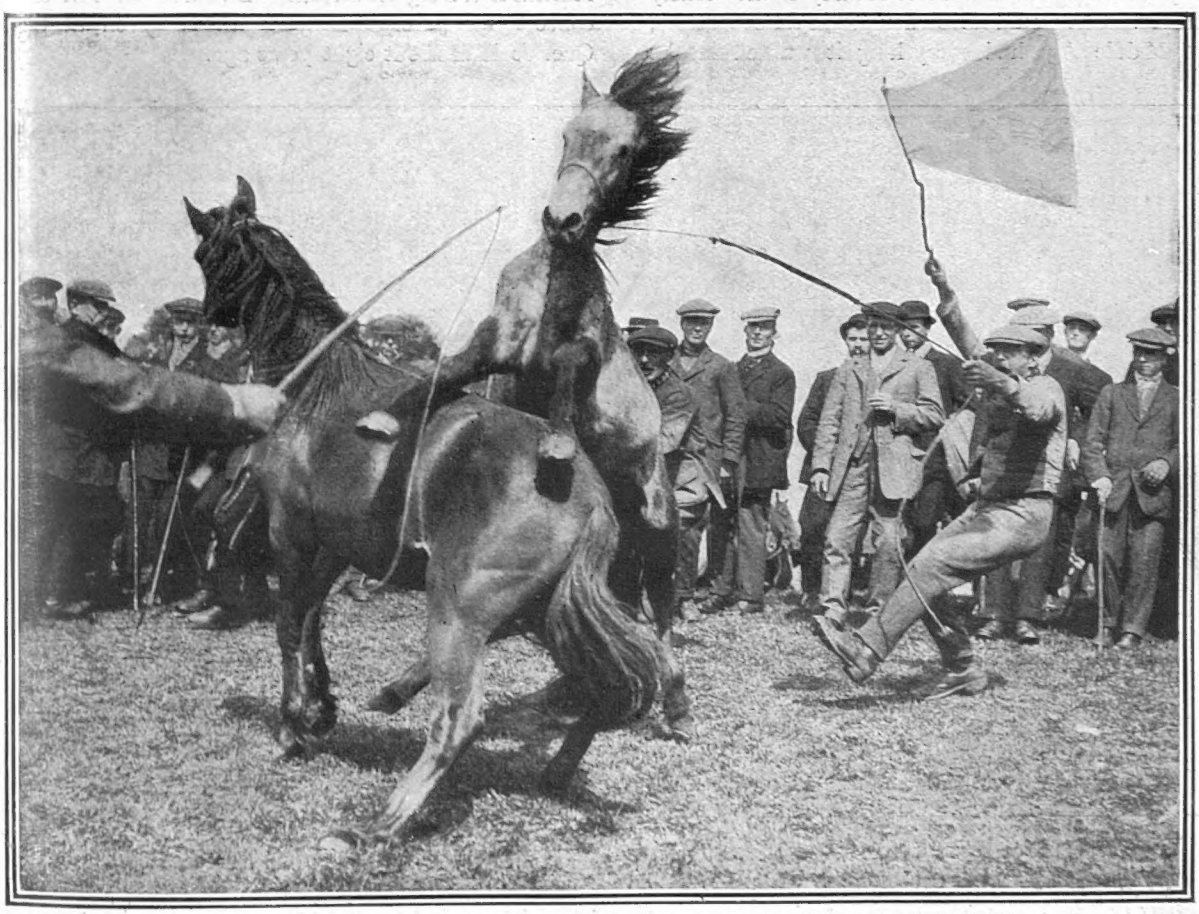
"Votes for Women," with the weight of the Navy behind it! The inscription on the head of the vessel was made by militants during Mr. Churchill's visit to Jarrow

Two Kinds of Horse Shows

DECOROUS BATH AND SPIRITED BARNET

SINGLE-HARNESS HORSES BEFORE THE GRAND STAND AT THE BATH HORSE SHOW

To the lover of horse-flesh there is no more satisfying sight than a parade in one of the harness classes. Not only must the noble animals themselves be faultless; the vehicles they draw and all their accoutrements, down to the smallest buckle, must be absolutely spick-and-span if the judge's eye is to be caught



SHOWING OFF VERY RESTIVE HORSES FOR SALE AT THE BARNET SHOW

Barnet's historic fair opened last Wednesday, and the show of horses, a very special feature, was larger and more representative than ever, and good prices were generally obtained. The fair is always worth visiting, and one comes away with a confused memory of quaint scenes, a babel of weird noises, and the cries of the hucksters. Our photograph gives an idea of the trouble experienced in keeping some of the animals under control

Snapshots Here and There

A Reminder

THE *Times* publishes an article on the Panama Canal from the Pacific side. This is a timely reminder. There is, of course, a pacific side to the question, Mr. Taft permitting.

* *
*

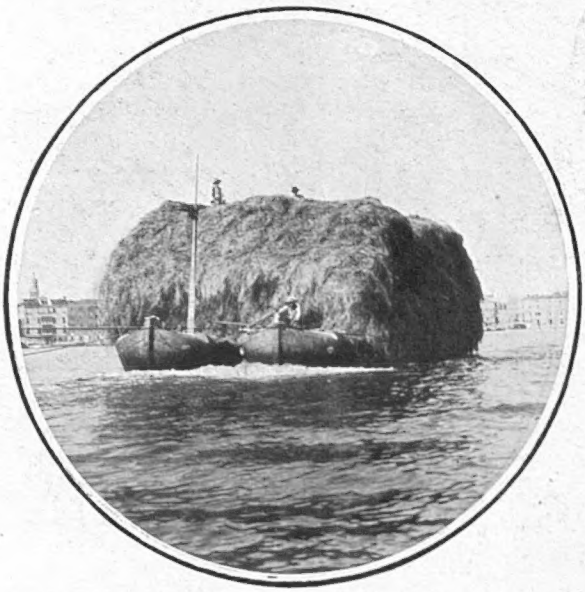
The Lesser Evil

I SEE that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has said that the path of the Labour party lies between the morass and the wild beast. By the latter he means, presumably, the Unionist party. If he is in doubt as to which is the safer alternative, we might suggest the wild beasts, as they are much more particular what they devour than are morasses.

* *
*

A Hollow Grievance

THE "cry of the middle-aged man," that there are in London no Y.M.C.A.'s and like places for such as he, is really a pathetic one. To start a M.A.M.C.A. would be a forlorn hope as, so far as my knowledge goes, the last kind of person the lonely bachelor wants to meet socially is the—lonely bachelor. One would have thought in all conscience, that Middle Age had everything it wanted in the direction of clubs in the centre of London; while as for the suburbs, I have always understood the local Carltons and Reforms to be particularly lively places, and that the Radical Clubs, on Sundays, were positively riotous in their revelry.



Photograph *Chichester*

HAYMAKING IN VENICE

A snapshot which will forcibly remind British farmers of their own operations this year

* *
*

Neglected Mr. Coleridge-Taylor

REGARDING my lament at the practical neglect of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's music at orchestral concerts, "CONCERT GOER" writes: "You are quite right — too right. For instance, the late composer's "Ballade" in A minor, which took the critics by storm at the Gloucester Festival in 1898, is a gem of the first water. How many times has it been since performed in a London concert-hall? To find out will be a curious test of the extent to which it is worth while for a British composer to compose." If any musical Bystander has the enterprise to search the records, I shall be glad to publish the result. I do not myself remember having heard the "Ballade" save at one concert of purely "British" music given at the Queen's Hall about eight years ago.

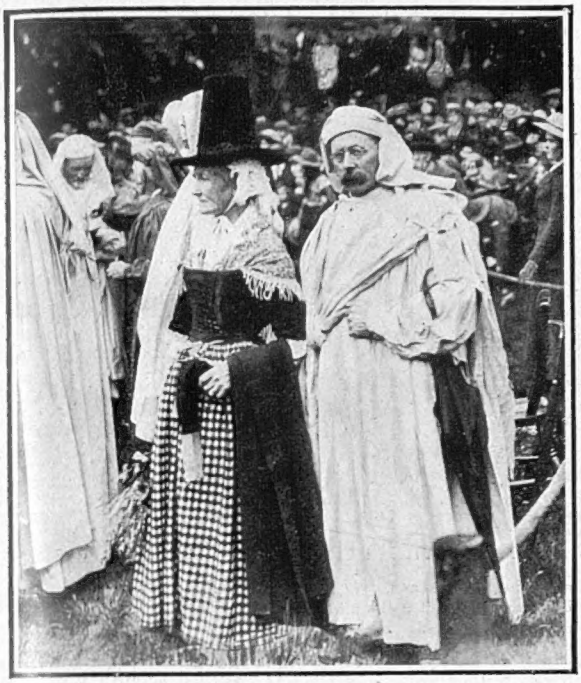
Photograph *G.P.U.*

THE LATEST MARTYRDOM IN THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

An accident resulting in the death of two officers of the Royal Flying Corps, Captain P. Hamilton and Lieutenant Wyness-Stuart, occurred on Friday last near Stevenage. The machine was the French Deperdussin monoplane, which gained the second prize of £2,000 in the recent Salisbury Plain competition. While flying in a gale over the village of Graveley, the aeroplane collapsed and fell like a stone, both officers being killed instantly. The cause is said to have been simply due to the loosening of a washer, and our photograph shows the wrecked machine after being extricated from the hedge into which it fell

The Spirit of Nationality

MANIFESTS ITSELF IN VARIOUS WAYS WITHIN THE UNITED KINGDOM



WALES: HER EISTEDDFODD

Last week's celebration of the festival at Wrexham. The umbrella on the arm of the male figure lends a pleasing touch of 1912 to the costume

Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

SCOTLAND: ON THE LONDON STAGE

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat in the new Scots play, "A Scrape o' the Pen," at the Comedy

ULSTER: PREPARING TO PROVE HERSELF A NATION WITHIN A NATION

Teaching men to shoot, should such measures be necessary to resist Home Rule

ENGLAND: TRIES A LITTLE "WAKING UP" BY MEANS OF A PATRIOTIC PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S (VIZ., "DRAKE")

(In this play the lesson of sea-supremacy is well "rubbed in")

"Save Them From Their Friends"

DALKEITH HOUSE, THE MIDLOTHIAN RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

His Grace has gained a renewed popularity in the Lowlands as a result of having had his ancestors libelled by Mr. Outhwaite, the land-taxer. The assistance of this agitator is something from which his friend, the Liberal candidate, usually prays to be spared

The New Jinn

THE single taxers remind me of nothing so much as the Jinnee of Mr. Anstey's "Brass Bottle," who was, it will be remembered, so grateful to the young man who set him free, that he would never leave him alone. Once allowed free at any bye-election, by any unfortunate Liberal candidate, the gratitude of the single taxer becomes positively nauseating. Each speech made in his support costs the unhappy object of his admiration a hundred votes or so. Mr. Anstey's Jinnee used to build gorgeous palaces for his poor young friend, but the Single Tax magician spends his time pulling down other people's palaces.

***

The Coming Campaign

IN Midlothian, Mr. Outhwaite "helped" Mr. Shaw by an attempt to destroy the Duke of Buccleuch. Like his leader, Mr. George, it is the Duke's ancestors who come in for all his abuse. In the autumn, I suppose, when the rest of the Jinn are let out of their bottles, under the ægis of the Chief Magician, Mr. George, the country will be positively rattling with the dead bones of the ancestors of the various landlords attacked. A dismal prospect, forsooth, and really THE BYSTANDER is quite glad he only dates back a couple of hundred years or so, and that his ancestors were merely Bystanders!

Catch Him Old!

ONE of the great secrets of landlord-baiting is to catch your game when he is too old to be able to retaliate. The Duke of Buccleuch, being eighty-one, is a most promising subject. But Mr. Outhwaite forgot that the Duke had a son. He knows now.

THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH

Who has been the object of an attack by Mr. Outhwaite, M.P., is eighty-one years of age. He is a Privy Councillor, a Justice of the Peace, and a Deputy-Lieutenant, and sat as Conservative Member for Midlothian 1853-68, 1874-80

***

"Shawish"

PROGRESSIVE ideas seem impossible in Egypt. A few years ago there was wholesale slaughter at Denshawai, which produced a Preface from Mr. Shaw in defence of the Denshavians. What will G. B. S. do now that the Sheikh Shawish has been arrested on the charge of sedition? At least six prefaces, surely?

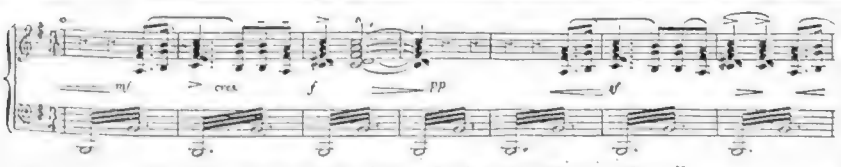
***

Futurism in Music

I WAS amused to see that, for the first time in their history, Queen's Hall Promenaders had the vigour to hiss a composition. The victim (or should one say "victor"?) was Herr Schoenberg, whose Futurist music has proved too ugly even for those who have stood Strauss and endured Debussy. I do not care to express an opinion because I remember the time when *Tristan* was offensive to me and Brahms and Grieg were outrageous in my hearing. Now I get them at restaurants with my meals, and find them a trifle sugary. Herr Schoenberg may be merely before his time, though one hopes that his time may be a long while coming. In this connection, it is interesting to remember that the music of the late Mr. Coleridge-Taylor met instant recognition. Yet it was new enough, in all conscience!

An Irreparable Loss to British Music

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, A VICTIM OF THE CRUEL SUMMER OF 1912



"O, the long and dreary winter. O, the cold and cruel winter."
Extract from *The Death of Minnehaha*. By LONGFELLOW. Music by S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, the Anglo-African composer of "Hiawatha" and many other inspired compositions, died at the age of thirty-eight as a result of an attack of pneumonia, caught in the "long and dreary winter" which began in August of this year

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"FARMERS must be helped," declares a contemporary, and, no doubt, with its usual faculty of doing the right thing at the right moment, it will shortly offer a prize of £1,000 for the finest bunch of sprouted wheat.

* * *

A correspondent from the flooded Fen country writes to say that by far the most sporting method of going after partridges is to swim them up, though the alternative method of having the little brown birds driven by motor-boat to where you sit on a life-belt is not without its attractions.

* * *

So convinced are the Americans that their athletes at Stockholm acted with scrupulous fairness, in spite of the *Times* correspondent's statement to the contrary, that we should not be surprised if they offered to submit the question to The Hague Arbitration Tribunal.

* * *

They are not likely, of course, to submit the Panama Bill, but that, obviously, is a different matter, and merely involves the honour of their politicians, who never have been considered sportsmen, even in their own country.

* * *

By the way, a rumour has appeared in some of the halfpenny papers to the effect that if Americans persist with the Panama Bill, England and France will combine to make a second and rival canal through the Isthmus. It is a pleasing little scheme, and we hope this Canal will be called, as it deserves to be called, the Halfpenny Paper Canal.

* * *

According to the Kaiser's latest speech, it is the German Army and Navy that enable the farmer to till the soil in peace. German farmers who are serving their time in one or other of these aids to farming will be particularly moved by this statement.

* * *

"Alpinists maintain that one cannot fall more than 256ft. in three seconds." So that really it isn't worth while trying to get down a mountain that way, unless you really are very much pressed for time.

* * *

"The sandwich man," says the *Standard*, "is fast disappearing from the streets of London. The Insurance Tax has killed his business." That is the sort of thing Mr. Lloyd George does without caring a hang. Yet these hard-working and peaceful men have for many years been one of the most picturesque sights in London, and compare favourably, in the opinion of artists, with many of our London statues.

* * *

As examples to the young, too, they have been well worth the wages paid them. Many a small boy has had his first prompting to take his part in the world's work at the sight of them, and has expressed it in the simple words, "When I am grown up I would like to be a sandwich man."

* * *

"A beautiful garden has been laid out on the roof of the Greenwich Police Court by the chief usher there." We have always had the feeling that the chief ushers at police courts could do some useful job if they tried, and this roof garden, in which prisoners awaiting trial can enjoy a little game of croquet or bowls is a proof of their capacity.

* * *

The question of how far mixed bathing is nice has arisen recently at Dover, where some boatmen caught a young shark, measuring four feet, among the other swimmers.

* * *

A little book has been written by a woman, printed by women, and published by women. It is called "Love's Victories"—a sweet name—and we venture to predict it will even go so far as to be read by women.

The only point about this picture is that the gentleman, who is making such a frightful fuss, is a Christian Scientist

THE MAN IN HIS MONOGRAM

NO. 1 OF AN ORIGINAL SERIES OF CARICATURES

In the above sketch the initials of a well-known politician are so designed as to form his likeness

WHO IS IT?

If you are in doubt as to his identity see next week's issue, when No. 2 of the series will be published

BY PHILIP BAYNES

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"DRAKE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

IT is related of Mr. W. M. Thackeray that on one occasion when he was passing through the East End of London a workman pointed him out to his mate as the man who wrote "Vanity Fair." The great author was extremely delighted at the incident, and is alleged to have remarked that while recognition by the polite reader is all very well, recognition by the man in the street is the true test of fame. Francis Drake has been something of a celebrity in his way for three hundred years or so; but it has been left to Sir Herbert Tree to canonise him in the popular mind of our generation. Many worthy people who have never heard of Drake before, and who could not tell you off-hand the result of the battle of the Spanish Armada, can now go to His Majesty's Theatre and see the very interesting record of his principal achievements in the form of gorgeously mounted tableaux.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER

Author of "Drake," which was produced by Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's Theatre last week

The play itself, which is necessarily hampered by the wealth of its scenic accessories, deals with the chief incidents of Drake's career as narrated in the records of our island story. The first scene is extremely promising, though it is a weakness of our poor human nature that promises are not invariably kept. Queen Elizabeth, who was certainly not the fine, graceful creature that Miss Neilson Terry makes of her, receives Mr. Drake in audience, and hears with dismay his story of the loss of her ships, her men and her treasure, especially the last; after which she makes it clear that she neither bids nor forbids him to seek revenge by embarking upon the business of the bold buccaneer. The ensuing scene shows Drake's adventures on the Isthmus of Darien, where he plays the part of a highway robber with great success. Mr. Louis N. Parker, for the sake of dramatic effect, no doubt, makes the venture successful; though I believe, as a matter of fact, the "Treasure of the World" was not secured in this marauding expedition after all. The incident of Drake's return to England, and his arrival at Plymouth during church time, is faithfully reproduced, although it is a little difficult to believe that his ship could actually have got as far as the landing-stage of the dock before it was recognised — as the tableau represents. Mr. Lyn Harding is a most successful Drake; there is a note of sincerity in his delivery of the fine old English sentiments that the author has given him to speak; and Miss Amy Brandon Thomas as the distinguished sailor's sweetheart makes it very easy to understand his devotion to her.

Mr. Parker's fidelity to historical narrative impels him to drag in the incident of the sentence on Thomas Doughty. The impression I had of this scene, remarkable for its fine setting, was that the story had been over-subordinated to the scenery. From a comparatively minor character in the first part of the play, Thomas Doughty suddenly steps into the limelight as a powerful arch-conspirator, whose ill-use of his tremendous influence at Court and on the admiral's ship, justifies the sentence of death. I think to be appreciated properly this scene requires a wider range of historical reading than the average playgoer cares for. The other scenes of the play call, it is true, for the same comment; but then they have a more general interest. After all, it does not matter very much whether Elizabeth did or did not visit Drake on his ship at Deptford. The incident is very pretty, and culminating as it does in the knighting of the hero just to spite the wicked Spaniards it is complete as an effort in showmanship.

The same may be said of the Battle of the Armada. It is all a little confused, and is sprung on us rather suddenly; but it is a good representation of a stage sea-fight; and so long as the other ship yields to our own, we do not care whether it represents the capture of the famous Don Pedro de Valdez, or is a bit

Sir Herbert Tree's handsome production of Mr. Louis N. Parker's play, "Drake," will doubtless enjoy the usual success, in spite of the fact that it is a series of tableaux rather than a play on ordinary lines. The tableaux are, however, excellent specimens of their kind; and this picturesque reminder of our glorious past will no doubt cheer the heart of the pessimistic Navy League

BY NORMAN MORROW

of the Battle of the Nile. Mr. Parker's only fault is that he has been too conscientious. He has tried to give a proper sequence to a story that had necessarily by the scheme of things to be interrupted every now and again by an over-vigorous picture. The introduction of the Little Englander of the period on Plymouth Hoe, for instance, is extremely happy; but much of its virtue is lost in the rush to preserve the historical bowling scene. Still, there is no doubt that Sir Herbert Tree knows What the Public Wants, and in this capital panorama of the deck which was the field of fame of our heroes of the sea, with its glimpse of the price of admiralty which, as Mr. Kipling says, Lord God we ha' paid in full! will, no doubt, send the right kind of thrill through Sir Herbert Tree's audiences.

AT THE VAUDEVILLE

"LITTLE MISS LLEWELYN"

Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Mr. Edmund Gwenn have started their joint-management at the Vaudeville Theatre under the most favourable circumstances. *Little Miss Llewelyn* is an adaptation from *Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans*, which was seen in London recently; and to preserve the foreign flavour the adaptor has happily hit upon the idea of placing the scene in Wales. (Are the Welsh foreigners?—Ed.). The adaptor's name is not given on the programme; but I think we may safely dismiss as idle the rumour that the present piece is the work of Mr. David Lloyd George, the well-known and justly celebrated insurance expert. The play is full of characteristic Welsh expressions, such as "Inteet to gootness," "Look you, yes, whateffer," and other playful distortions of our muscular Anglo-Saxon tongue; while now and then a real Welsh word is thrown in, just to show, it may be, that the language does not sound so awful as it looks. I understand that many of the company engaged are of the Cymric race, while Miss Trevelyan and Mr Gwenn are quite surprisingly successful in their reproduction of the local accent.

"Little Miss Llewelyn"
Miss Hilda Trevelyan

The story as now narrated in English contains just the mixture of pathos and humour which usually ensures wide popularity; and everyone knows that as regards humour the British public would rather have a joke that they have heard before and have got used to, than any novelty that has not stood the ennobling test of time. The pathetic part of the story is very brief; but it stands out as a strong piece of work, both as to the writing and the acting. For purely commercial reasons a marriage has been arranged between Miss Llewelyn and Owen Griffiths; but it transpires that Owen has already had a love affair, and that he is (intect to gootness!) the father of a bonny boy without, look you, having been married whateffer! And although Owen explains that it is quite easy to get rid of this responsibility by the simple process of heartlessly abandoning the mother and child, his heart melts when Miss Llewelyn points out to him his obvious duty; and after weeping a few furtive tears on the mantelpiece, he goes out into the world to join the woman to whom he rightly belongs. Miss Trevelyan and Mr. Tom Owen made this scene a very strong one, and contrived to present it without the least appearance of cheap sentimentality.

The uproariously funny part of the play is the third act, which opens on a meeting of the committee sitting to choose a candidate for some high office in the licensed victualling industry. The suspension of the proceedings every now and again while the gentlemen are giving their orders for refreshment is quite rich humour. The reading of the minutes by the secretary in very provincial English is a bright and sparkling gem; and when Mr. Owen Griffiths appealed for support for his father's candidature by reminding the meeting of the fine speech his father had made on the subject of Welsh Disestablishment, when he went in his capacity as Mayor to open the new—skating-rink, you could almost hear the windows rattling with the laughter of the house. This third act is packed with good things, and although it is not, perhaps, absolutely essential to the development of the story, its other merits justify it completely. *Little Miss Llewelyn* should have a bright future. The piece of the evening is preceded by a charming little "Phantasy" in one act, entitled *The Maker of Dreams*, in which Mr. Eliot Makeham, one of the "stars" of Miss Horniman's company, gives a most delicate and fascinating representation of Pierrot in search of the ideal woman. Mr. Makeham's Pierrot, who at one moment is singing snatches of delightfully nonsensical verse, and at another is absorbed in the philosophy of tears, is a distinct achievement. We shall hear of this talented young actor again.

JINGLE

The Lass that Loved a Sailor

Photograph *Caswell Smith*

MISS AMY BRANDON THOMAS

Who is now playing in "Drake," Sir Herbert Tree's new sensation at His Majesty's Theatre. Miss Brandon Thomas takes, with charming effect, the part of Elizabeth Sydenham, whose love for the sea (and those upon it) brings about her marriage with Drake himself

THE BYSTANDER ABROAD

AUTUMN NOTES FROM VARIOUS FOREIGN CENTRES

WOMAN'S MOODS AT DEAUVILLE
By JEAN GAST

THE MORNING INSPECTION
Still pretty? How long?

AFTERNOON
Hard luck at the races. How to pay the hotel-bill?

EVENING
Preparing for the realities of life (play in the Salle de jeux)

PARIS NOTES

THE summer holidays of the Parisians are over at last, and they are now trying to get warm with some chance of success. Our friends in Paris are impulsive folk, and we all remember that when a figure of Paris was built over the principal gateway to the 1900 Exhibition they made her a lady. Being impulsive, and leaping to conclusions after the manner of women, Parisians are overdoing things a little, and are running somewhat to heat in their post-summer quest for warmth. It is, of course, quite a natural thing that after shivering through August at the seaside, getting cold feet in the coast casinos, and falling victims to the fashion of thin clothing in the biting wind, Parisians should enjoy an overheated atmosphere, but, though I love them, I must confess that they are exaggerating somewhat. The end of the summer has been marked by the reopening of the shooting season. "*La chasse est ouverte dans le département de la Seine*," says *Le Journal Officiel*, but I am sure that most economical and sober-sided newspaper did not intend by the announcement to encourage crime.

The Economical Newspaper

May I interrupt myself for a minute to tell you why *Le Journal Officiel*, which is the French prototype of the *London Gazette*, is the most economical newspaper in the world? It is sold at a halfpenny, and the cost per annum is a very trifling one if you take it as most people take it, by the year. Thrifty Frenchwomen found out a long while ago that by taking in the *Journal Officiel* one got a greater

bulk of printed paper for a halfpenny than could be obtained elsewhere. The reason of the bulk is principally the loquacity of members of the Chamber of Deputies and the members of the Senate, and the fact that the paper is not run for profit. Madame la Boulangère and Madame l'Epicière, the worthy wives of Monsieur Bun, the baker, and Monsieur Grits, the grocer (did *you* play "Happy Families" when you were young?), may not read the *Journal Officiel*, but they find it useful for wrapping purposes, and make quite a nice little addition to the contents of the woollen stocking by selling the surplus sheets by weight to papermakers.

The Shooting Season

And criminals have taken a hint from the *Officiel*, and their shooting season has started with September. There have been over twenty murders in the week. I do not love the Paris telephone girl—few busy men in Paris do—but I felt sorry for the one in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital Exchange. It was one of those little settlements of love affairs which are becoming usual in Paris. The telephone girl (who was, by the way, a young widow) repulsed the attentions of a telephone clerk of the opposite sex. He wanted to marry her, he said, and if that didn't suit her anything else would do. She replied as a self-respecting telephone girl should, "Number engaged." The young man, having been rung off once, waggled the hook again, but the fish didn't bite. I know my metaphors are getting mixed, but I have not yet got rid of all thoughts of holiday pursuits. There was no reply. So the young man walked into the office and shot the telephone girl at her switchboard. Paris's view of the crime is summarised in the remark made to me about it by a friend. "Yes," he said, "couldn't get a communication in that part of Paris for an hour. All the operators were busy talking about the shooting. And you'll see that a jury will acquit the murderer because it's a *crime passionnel*." There is no doubt about it that crime in Paris, though it has become less messy recently, is on the increase to quite an alarming extent. People of all classes carry revolvers as naturally as they carry handkerchiefs in Paris now and the only people who refrain from using them are the quiet law-abiding citizens who get shot by the other kind.

The Other Shooting Season

The other shooting season, firing at pheasants, hurrying after hare, running after rabbits, and pursuing the partridge, began on the first of the month. I don't think anybody has got much good out of it yet except the dear Government, the armourers, the game, feathered and furred, and the dogs, which, like the shooters themselves, have enjoyed a fair amount of gentle exercise. In the course of a seventy-mile motor-run yesterday I saw many weary dogs and weary *chasseurs* with empty, if prettily trimmed, gamebags. It was particularly quaint to notice that within a quarter of a mile of every weary *chasseur* whom we passed we scared up patridges, hares, and rabbits enough to have filled the motor-car. There is ever so much less shooting over preserves in France than there is in England, but anybody who will pay a guinea to the Government may dress himself in russet linen, put on thick boots and a knowing little hat, and tramp France with a gun. France likes it, and the game doesn't really mind much.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

BEFORE THE LOOKING-GLASS: AFTER THE PAINTING BY JEF. LEEMPOELS

FROM THE "ILLUSTRIRTE ZEITUNG"

The Bystander IN BERLIN

DOMESTICITY IN DANGER: THE STRAW-WIDOW

Felix Austria Infelix

Tragedies are brewing here and in Felix Austria. So says the *Neue Freie Presse*. Each year the wane of the holidays sees a multiplying crop of murdered husbands, beaten wives, discharged servants, doctorial poisoning, and—that worst of miseries—the dilemma of choice between a weak and human wife and a triumphant, immortal cook.

Straw-Widows

The fact is, straw-widowage is killing domesticity. So says the *Neue Freie Presse*. While the German dwells at home with wife and children he lives—what with high prices and low earnings—in Spartan plainness. And in the old and nobler days he dwelt with wife and children always. He even spent with them his holidays. But now the custom of renting a summer villa is dead. Instead, mamma, flat-nosed Julius, Karlchen, and rachitic Käthie make off for Heringsbucht or Schellfischdorf; while papa—swearing he's too poor for holidays—stays at home; and later (naturally because of overwork) is bid by Berlin's best specialist to start for curative Ostend on pain of death.

The Ignition Point

Hence the German-Austrian institution of the *Strohwitwerzug*, the Straw- (*i.e.*, Grass) Widow Train. Early summer's straw-widow trains are tediously full of dames and maids without cavaliers, and babes without papas. Tedious is the word. Perhaps there is compensation at Heringsbucht or Schellfischdorf. Not for nothing in brave Germany (and in Felix Austria) is the guileless Saxon "Grass-Widow" inflammably phrased "Straw-Widow." Even in the all-extinguishing August the ignition point differs.

Cookly Indulgence

But autumn's tragedies spring less from the erring heart than from the lordly, intractable stomach. The fact is (the *Neue Freie Presse* affirms) the straw-widowers left at home are spoiled by their too-solicitous cooks. When sunburned wives return, they discover (1) enormous bills, (2) enormous paunches, (3) enormous dyspepsia, and (4) enormous cookly grins, the grins of menials who have been told for four weeks on end that they housekeep better than *gnaedige Frau*.

Hedwig's Vengeance

For all the privations and unearned flouts of the year diabolical Hedwig avenges herself in one ecstatic month. When *gnaedige Frau* turns her back, the colourless, comfortless flat blossoms into a palace. Hedwig who couldn't boil water suddenly transcends a Paris *chef*. Formerly reigned ugliness and hunger; now there is beauty and content. Formerly there was not a flower on the table, but tons of flour in the soup; the sole was like lemon-sole and the beef like boot-sole; the potatoes like sponges, and the pears like potatoes. All this miraculously changes when *gnaedige Frau* is not.

Gnaediger Herr's Conclusion

Not only with Lucullan feasts does the reptile cook silently condemn her mistress; but for the first time the flat is made fair by the touch of a woman's hand. Everyone seems to think of *gnaediger Herr*. When exhausted *gnaediger Herr* returns at 5 a.m. from a board meeting (at the *palais de danse*), he finds in his bedroom a dish of peaches, three bottles of seltzer-water, and—provident Hedwig forgets nothing—a spoon and bicarbonate of soda. And naturally *gnaediger Herr*, who reasons lucidly (next morning), sees that his wife is a heartless, incompetent hussy, whose sole function is to check and foil a thoughtful, all-provident cook.

Hedwig's Supreme Villainy

When *gnaedige Frau* returns she finds the *gnaediger Herr* fat, rosy, and bright of eye; but inexplicably complaining of overwork (at the *palais de danse*). He is packing his bag for the fortnight's trip to Ostend which is the only alternative to nervous breakdown. And next morning another straw-widow train starts from Friedrichstrassè, but it is full of straw-widowers, all bound for Ostend, city of good un-German hotels, well-seasoned Schnitzel, and melting pears and maids. The while at home diabolical Hedwig has resumed her congenital baseness; there is flour in the soup but none on the table, the sole tastes like a boot-sole, and *gnaedige Frau*. . . .

TOP-HATTED TO A MAN: VETERANS PARADE BEFORE THE KAISER

On Sunday, the 1st instant, the Kaiser, accompanied by the Empress, Princess Victoria Louise, and Prince and Princess Eitel Friedrich, attended a Field Service in the Tempelhoferfeld, Berlin, when the members of the Veterans' Associations were present, their top-hats and black coats contrasting curiously with the brilliant uniforms of the Guards and the Third Army Corps. Old soldiers from all parts of the Fatherland were present, the different societies all being represented by their flags

Venice—Outside Paris

PROCESSION OF GONDOLAS AND BOATS AT THE ENGHIEN FÊTES

We have had a good deal to say recently concerning French holiday resorts, and Enghien, a pretty suburb seven miles north of Paris, should not be overlooked. This attractive little town is a popular watering-place and summer resort of Parisians, and is situate on the shores of a small lake. There are five sulphur springs, which are good for the skin and throat. The Enghien fêtes are a considerable attraction, and they are attended by large crowds

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

Tecla
7 Old Bond Street London

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

The Bystander in New York

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE AMERICAN WOMAN

Ambition

WOMEN, as well as men, are best judged by their ambitions and their recreations. The American woman's one great ambition is social eminence; to this end she bends all her energies, trains herself and her children, uses every means in her power from her own attractions to the last resources of her, or her husband's, purse, aided and abetted by the self-advertisement so readily attained through the columns of the newspaper. A state of society without fixed limitations offers a wide field to the ambitious; anyone who can command a sufficient supply of the sinews of war may aspire to position, and the means is always the same: notoriety. Sometimes the chrism of European recognition is the passport to success, if duly chronicled by the home papers, but this is often the last resort of the desperate, an artificial *cachet*, like a French label on American-grown wine.

Woman's Business

Society in America is woman's business, instituted, managed, and nourished by her for her own benefit, with all the deadliness of the "female of the species." For the attainment of social recognition she will descend to anything; she will send her own society notices and photographs to the papers, join the most fashionable church, subscribe to charities, undergo agonies of physical training, fill her mind with oddments of "culture," mortgage her very home for finery and a motor-car in which to parade it. This explains the excess of visible luxury and the absence of real comfort in American life. Appearances, not actual requirements, are consulted. One is forcibly reminded of those impoverished Italian nobles who starve on bread and cheese in order that they may take the air daily in state and the family equipage. The American woman may black her own little boots (she generally does), but unless she can display them to an admiring public in her own motor-car she is an aggrieved mortal. She entertains, not casually nor informally, but of set purpose in the furtherance of her ambition, and with a view to impressing her guests with the completeness and magnificence of her domestic appointments. Her dress is not the expression of her own personality, but of the state of her husband's banking account.

Press Advice

Now, since few women rejoice in a personal fortune, it is obvious that the wherewithal must be obtained from the despised, money-grubbing husband. The woman's page in the morning and evening papers gives valuable and illuminating advice on this subject. Cajolery, flattery, the adroit use of physical attractions and of favourite dishes are inculcated as proved and successful methods. The American woman is clever, with a surface brilliance like that of her polished nails; she is adaptable (outwardly, at least), assimilative of catchwords and new ideas. When "dolled-up" (expressive slang phrase), her appearance would satisfy the most exacting dressmaker. She is quick-witted, amusing, charming, but she is utterly devoid of a sense of humour—what else would account for the prevalence of anti-kissing and anti-tobacco leagues ("the lips that touch tobacco

(Continued on page 548)

THE FEMININE WAY TO FAME (IN AMERICAN EYES)
The lowest steps are flower-strewn, but as one mounts the higher ones happiness is left behind

RICH MAN—

POOR MAN—
A Cynical Illustration

BEGGAR MAN—

r Familiar Social Conditions

THIEF

BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

shall never touch mine"), of culture clubs and "tag-days?" Whatever she does is done earnestly, purposefully, intently, from planning a dinner to sending bouquets to murderers.

Favourite Pleasures

As for her recreations, aside from her social activities, which are far too serious a business to rank as amusements, her favourite pleasures seem to be novel-reading, the indulgence in sweetmeats, and attendance at matinées. Exercise is an unpleasant necessity for the good of the figure. Of course, there is flirtation, but that is, with few exceptions, confined to the very young. It is unseemly for a "matron" to flirt, and the American woman lives in deadly fear of her neighbour's opinion. Also, where divorce is easy, aimless flirtations are unnecessary, and a waste of energy. The cult of "affinities" resulting in the divorce court and copious alimony is, of course, a serious matter.

Youthful Liberty

The American girl begins her career at an early age. At fifteen or thereabouts she has her societies, her clubs, her friends, male and female. Except in a few limited circles where European ideals prevail and youthful liberty is curtailed, she enjoys boundless freedom. It is a common thing in the larger hotels, summer and winter resorts, to see at all hours of the day and evening young girls from fourteen years upwards, innocent of governess or chaperon, trooping about with boys of the same age or a little older, while mamma occupies herself with a game of bridge, dances in the ballroom, or indulges in rocking-chair gossip. Not that the American woman is a bad mother—as long as her children are young they enjoy the best of professional care (the cult of the child in America is an almost fearsome thing), but maternal responsibilities seem automatically to cease at an astoundingly early age.

The Servant Question

It is as housekeeper and home-maker that the American woman fails most signally. Hotel life is alarmingly on the increase, and in her own house she is both extravagant and incompetent, and prefers to do her marketing by telephone. It is a curious fact that the American home, hedgeless, innocent of garden walls, exposed unreservedly through unshuttered windows to the gaze of passers-by should be really an all but impregnable fortress. The much-vaunted and casual hospitality of tradition is a thing of the past. This is largely due to the servant question. The highly-paid servants expect their afternoons and evenings to themselves, and, in spite of the almost incredible perfection of domestic machinery and household labour-saving devices, the exercise of hospitality is a weariness to the flesh, especially where formal standards prevail and the mistress of the house shuns extra exertion. She will not work, and to entertain informally she is ashamed. This is the reason of the growing Turkishness of American life, which will be the subject of another article. N. C.

CENTRAL PARK AS HIS OWN PRESERVE: NEW YORK'S PRIVILEGED SHARPSHOOTER

A job that a millionaire might covet has just gone to Arthur Hassler, a sharpshooter of the National Guard, now in the employment of the Department of Parks in New York. Hassler is the only man privileged to carry a gun in the public parks, and has been commissioned to kill off the homeless dogs and cats that infest the city parks, and to protect the sheep, the swans, and the other privileged live stock from the attacks of hawks and rats. Hassler is now the one man in Manhattan who has the entire park system as his game preserve

Chez Son Beau-Père

THE NEW FRENCH VISCOUNTESS VISITS HER HUSBAND'S PARENTS

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON AT BESSBOROUGH

Viscount Duncannon, heir to the Bessborough Earldom, married Mlle. Roberte de Neuflize, the pretty only daughter of Baron de Neuflize, last June. Our photograph was taken at the house-party which Lord Duncannon's father, the Earl of Bessborough, recently entertained at Bessborough, Kilkenny

Canada for British Holiday-Makers

FUN ON THE BEACH AT HANLAN'S POINT ON LAKE ONTARIO, AT TORONTO
A Sunday afternoon photograph on the sandbar

FOLLOWING the photographs we have already published of bathing at home and abroad, we are now able to give two Canadian acquatic scenes taken on Lake Ontario, near Toronto. Weather-depressed holiday-makers, not only in England but on the Continent, may be glad to hear of a country where they are fairly certain to enjoy a sunny and health-giving vacation. Each year brings Canada nearer, and it is possible to-day, with a limited holiday of three weeks, to spend, at moderate cost, at least eight days there. This may be accomplished by taking a steamer of the Royal Line from Bristol to Quebec, where the Grand Trunk Railway takes the tourist in hand, and convoys him to the principal cities of Eastern Canada, finishing up with Montreal. Here, after eight days' stay in Canada, one re-embarks for Bristol, the whole trip taking exactly three weeks. Eight days of sunshine and fine air, combined with complete change for mind and body, and the restful voyages out and home, will be found far more beneficial than eight weeks boxed up at some home resort or Continental spa, where unceasing rain and cold winds are the order of the day.

AN ANIMATED SCENE AT THE FEW BEACH REGATTA, NEAR TORONTO

Ottawa: The Scene of a Momentous Imperial Decision

A STRIKING VIEW OF THE CANADIAN CAPITAL

Where a great discussion is now taking place on Imperial defence. Ottawa is a city of magnificent buildings, standing upon the south bank of the River Ottawa, and in the right centre of the picture may be seen the new hotel, "Château Laurier," built at a cost of $2,000,000; in the left background are the Parliament buildings which compare favourably with our own at Westminster; and on the extreme right is the new station built by the Grand Trunk Railway

THE IDEAL——WOMAN

By SIBYL R. CHURCH

"I DESPISE a man who creeps shivering into love as if it were a cold bath."

Nina Hartley's words splashed sharply on the silence like water poured from a window.

"Shows a certain modesty," said Merrilees.

"Or ignorance," I suggested.

"Or youth," said Prade, slowly, as though his reply mattered.

Love being the one topic on which everyone has opinions, Nina's casual remark shook some vitality into a very dull dinner-party, for the heat was ghastly, even under the trees at Hurlingham, where London sometimes keeps its only breath of air.

A moth dashed into the lights on our table and fluttered down dead among the apricots. "Poor fool," I murmured, and flicked him away into the night.

"We are to the gods as flies, they kill us for their sport," misquoted Nina, and Merrilees said softly, "Or as men to women. Wonderful how a woman will waste the best years of a man's life and think him well repaid by a few kind words."

"Woman is the only mystery left to the twentieth century," said Prade.

"Not a bit of it," said I. "They're just like cats, aren't they, Nina? When you stroke them, they purr, and when you leave off stroking, they scratch."

"No good, Black Imp," she retaliated. "I've heard it too often. You must try a new jest."

"When you *leave off* stroking!" chuckled Prade. "By Jove, that's good!"

"More witty than true," she exclaimed. "In affairs of heart, men are the pirates, not women."

This we disputed warily, as children finger crackers, fearing to give ourselves away before Prade, who was a stranger, for Merrilees and I had both been robbed by Nina in the matter of our affections, and the theft still rankled. How hard it is for a man to become the friend of a woman he has long sighed for only a man can tell. Such a friendship is the lover's last sacrifice to his divinity—who seldom values it.

Nina's eyes were sombre shadows in her pale face as she rested her chin on her hand and said most softly:

"Poor women who love—it is they who lose their loves."

"But all lovers are lost sooner or later," said Merrilees. "Merely a question of time."

"Ask Scotland Yard," I suggested, "though hearts are harder to find than umbrellas."

"Women have dozens, I am told," said Merrilees. "One for every man they meet."

"Have they?" asked Prade, looking at Nina. "Have they, Mrs. Hartley?"

Her calm was too intense for peace: it hinted tension. There must be subtle undercurrents, even tragedy, beneath this light talk, and my intuition connected them with Prade. I glanced at him. He was gripping his chair so hard that the knuckles stood out like four white buttons.

"Woman's fancy may flicker this way and that," she said. "She may marry. She may make mistakes. But there is only one love in her life."

"There I disagree entirely," said Merrilees. "In fact, I side with Balzac, who insisted that all cases of first love end stupidly. Mine certainly did."

"So did mine," I said, thinking of a pink-cheeked coquette of ten, who slapped me severely some thirty years ago.

"And mine," said Prade.

"O, so did mine," Nina added.

"Tell us about it, do," we pleaded, as the waiter handed coffee and liqueurs, and in the dim light her low voice fluttered on to the old, old words of every maiden's story, "Once upon a time there was a man. . . ."

There are tones in a woman's voice like the white magic of a spell which exalt even a badly told tale to vibrant eloquence, thrilling and gripping the hearers, adding all the lustre of the speaker's temperament.

"Once upon a time there was a man who loved the image of a woman with such faith and constancy that he touched the woman's heart. She came to him, loving, and . . . he spurned her."

Nina's laughter rang out so unexpectedly that we all started.

"No, that won't do at all, at all," she exclaimed. "Much too melodramatic! . . . What an ab-so-lute-ly rotten *raconteuse* I am! Let us all light cigarettes, and I'll start again, for it is a queer little tale, and might amuse you. . . . Thank you, that's better. . . . Quick if you can, or . . . There, I knew that would happen . . . it's burnt my fingers.

"Reminiscences take one a long way. Let me count. Well, it was fifteen years ago, to be accurate. You ought to remember, Black Imp, for you designed the poster. We were both budding geniuses in those days. How I used to loathe that advertisement flaunting my charms on every available space in London—the 'Ideal Woman.' Bah! A music-hall artiste in pink tights and a handkerchief. Such bathos, don't you know. Don't look hurt, dear Imp, the thing was pretty enough, and not so vulgar as most of them. But the 'Ideal Woman.' And if Venus emerged from the Thames, as she did a few centuries ago, we all know the L.C.C. would buy her a reach-me-down. Still, that wretched poster brought in pots of money, and after that season I ran my own show."

"Till you married old Hartley and ran him," put in Merrilees.

"There was a very, very young man in London at the time," she went on. "Thank you, yes, I will

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 554)

The Conquest of the Air

THE END OF THE NON-DIRIGIBLE

BY G. MICHEL

(Continued from page 552)

have a light. Why, yours has gone out, too, Mr. Prade, and you weren't talking.

"I lived near Regent's Park, then, and had to drive through Gower Street at least twice a day. He was always standing under that infernal poster. Imp, I apologise, but I still hate the thing. Even when it rained he was there. Perhaps he studied at the London Hospital or the University. The advertisement-board was near them, behind the British Museum. In fact, it's still there with other posters on it. He was always looking up at my picture, nicely, so nicely, as one may gaze at a stained-glass window in a church, or else he was pacing up and down beneath it like a sentinel.

"He was so constant. You can understand, perhaps, how I felt? Whenever I had the hump or people pestered me, as they did often enough, I thought of that eager face, and I looked out for it on my way home. A glimpse of that pure young profile cheered me up no end. What a handsome boy he was!

"You must admit it was odd, this devotion to a poster. How I racked my brains to account for it! Wondered if he'd seen my turn. Wondered if he'd lost his heart to the picture. Wondered if it reminded him of some girl he loved.

"One of man's deadliest weapons is his power to imprint his image on a woman's impressionable fancy, and as time went on the stranger captured more than my curiosity. I really fell in love.

"You all say first love ends stupidly?

"Mine did.

"I had very soon learnt that a beautiful girl can always be natural, because people turn any little slip or awkwardness to her advantage. Probably I was spoilt. I know it was quite wrong. No, I'm not going to call it wrong. Why should I? Shall we say unconventional? One night I stopped the cab at the bottom of Gower Street and walked on. I hardly know what I expected. Anything but the sequel, certainly. I had no idea what to say, but when I reached him he never saw me, and I stood behind him for a moment. His hair was fair and grew down into a point in the nape of his neck.

"Quite suddenly he flashed round on me half-savage, half-frightened. He was blushing like a schoolboy, and his eyes were angry, two points of blue fire in such a stern young face. 'Go away, go away, you . . . you . . . painted thing,' he stammered, and then bolted. I've never seen anyone run so fast. He must have been very, very young."

Here Nina paused, but as none of us spoke, she went on again:

"Queer sort of love story to carry in one's heart for fifteen years, my friends, isn't it? Nothing but a memory now, of course. A memory, that's all. And yet I loved the boy, loved his startled, angry eyes, loved him altogether as I've never cared for any other man."

Minds run astray at crucial moments. Mine went flying into old forgotten corners, where the magic of a sunset lingered, or the fragrance of a faded flower. No more moths came fluttering to our table, for the lights were gone; and above our heads a sweet young breeze was murmuring softly, rustling in the leaves, and far away I heard a nightingale.

Merrilees' voice cut into the silence. "Did he recognise you?"

"How can I tell? My God, how can I tell?" she answered with a stifled sob, and I put out my hand in the darkness to have it taken by another man, Prade, I believe, but it may have been Merrilees. Two simultaneous damns resulted, followed by a third, so I suppose we were all caught at the same fool's trick, for Nina laughed unsteadily, and we filled up an awkward pause with the inevitable cigarette which showed four civilised faces, quite English and unmoved, though Prade threw away several matches before his cigarette was alight. I can swear to it, and I did the same.

"Dear lady," said Merrilees again. "Be thankful for an illusion. Had he been less a fool and more a man, had he stayed, in fact, there would be no romance, and romance is the only splash of colour on this very grey old world."

"Surely he must have recognised you," I said. (It was my poster.)

"But why run away if he did?" Nina objected.

Here Prade joined in the discussion, speaking rather slowly and emphatically, punctuating each sentence with a movement of his cigarette.

"Of course, he didn't recognise you," he said. "For one reason, the poster was not at all like you. If I may be allowed to say so, your face is mobile, adorably human, changeable as a spring sky. The 'Ideal Woman' had your features, true, but the stern mouth and chin of a young saint.

"For another reason it was, at least I suppose it was, a dark night, and the Bloomsbury Streets were notoriously badly lit. Also, looking upwards strains the eyes slightly, and you may be presumed to have startled the young man.

"Thirdly, a man who could behave as you describe had probably idealised the woman of the poster, whose performance he was then too poor to afford tickets for. Suppose that he had idealised her, that in some subtle way she stood for all the beauty of womanhood, you must see that any intruder would mean the shattering of his dream.

"That, at least, is my opinion."

Nina's breath came in little catches as petals are blown off a rose. "If—if—he didn't know her then . . . now . . . suppose . . . would he know her now?" she half whispered.

"With help, yes," said Prade.

"And run away again, no doubt," said Merrilees.

"I think not." Prade talked of it gravely, as a problem from Euclid. "He would be fifteen years older and less easily scared."

"Ah, well, what matter?" said Nina lightly. "The tale is mouldy, and the night is young. Let's go for a stroll by the pond. Come on, Imp—while Mr. Prade orders the car."

Undoubtedly women are strange creatures, and I began to doubt my own ears. Had she really sobbed? Half a dozen moods in as many minutes! Tiresome, emotional, swayed by whims! Stupid, witless, unreliable! All the adjectives in the dictionary would have failed me soon if a wee hand hadn't smuggled its way under my arm.

"Dear little Black Imp, please don't look so cross!" Nina's voice was trembling with excitement. "There, may I just ruffle up your hair into Puck's ears on each side of your head? That's it. Now you look like my very own, original, aboriginal gnome. How

(Continued on page 556)

black it is, and curly, just like it used to be! Horrid little Imp, don't flatten it all down. Have you ever heard of fifteen years being wiped off like a tear in a pocket handkerchief?"

"No," I answered rather sulkily, "and do leave my hair alone, Nina, and think of a less absurd name for a respectable old gentleman of forty. We are all too old for this sort of nonsense."

"Old!" she exclaimed, "old! How dare you, most wicked Imp, when I was only born ten minutes ago. Can't you stand on your head or say something funny? This sobriety is positively insulting. Won't you help me throw stars about or climb up moonbeams? Have you realised that I've found him after fifteen years—my only love? Have you, have you, have you?

"How glorious the world is! Someone has painted it bright pink. There, I hear his step on the path. Good-bye, my dear, good-bye—and—you'll wish me luck?"

"Nina, God bless you!" I murmured.

What was it Merrilees had said? O, yes. "Wonderful how a woman will waste the best years of a man's life and think him well repaid with a few kind words." I repeated it as I slipped away towards the taxi-stand.

How we had loved her, each one in his own way; Hartley, her husband, who was dead; Merrilees, myself, and many another man. What had Prade done for her? Fifteen years ago he had turned on her with the words, "Go away, go away, you—you—painted thing."

And this was the result. Now, who'd believe it?

SIBYL R. CHURCH

Photograph *Sport and General*

A WINNER AT PICTURESQUE DARTMOUTH'S REGATTA

The Dartmouth Royal Regatta is always a very picturesque affair, being held for the most part amid the glorious scenery of the River Dart. The photograph shows the yacht "Istria," winner of the 15-metre class race, sailing up the river. The "Istria" concluded her season at this regatta. Altogether this year she secured thirty-four winning flags, which constitutes a record for so small a yacht

A New Test for Fictionists

THE LITERARY REQUIREMENTS OF THE NERVOUS WRECK

By ONE OF THEM

I KNOW very few authors, which may be fortunate. But I am perfectly sure it would be good for many authors to know me—good for them, good for their art, good for their pockets. I am not the "gentle reader" of their and their publisher's well-prepared plan: not the person who is in the least typical: not a *genre* reckonable in thousands, hundreds, or even scores. I am the type of reader who may happen, and should occupy, in the schedule of literary risks, about the same place as is filled in a ship insurance policy by the "Act of God." The usual story is evidently carefully assured against the fiery housemaid, the watery clerk, the tempestuous tradesman, the iceberg-y clergyman's wife, the explosive Girl of Fifteen, but it has forgotten me. Now, who am I? I am the man who is *ordered* away for his holiday: the candidate for the rest cure. How many of you busy story-writers have ever sat down to write with me in your mind's eye—me of the pallid face, the tired eye, the hanging limbs, who was helped into his railway carriage, and to all intents and purposes practically labelled and registered?

You say there aren't enough Me's about to matter, so, of course, you don't write stories to suit my taste. But, my dear sir, there are more Me's about than there used to be, and there are going to be a great many more than there are. We Nervous Wrecks are forming our legion slowly, and without cohesion, but we are getting together. Scarcely a train leaves any London terminus that does not, winter and summer, carry at least One of Us to his rest. The time is coming when we shall become a *genre*, even as the clergyman's wife and the Girl of Fifteen, and you authors will *have* to think of us. Your publisher and your editor will, before very long, not only ask themselves whether the story is likely to appeal to the average fool, but also whether it will suit the average wreck—in fact, *Me!* You have to write something to be read by a man who is Tired. Oh, something light and rather piffling! But wait. A man who is brain-sick has brains, anyway, as a man who is seasick has a stomach. Piffle to the former will be what fried fish or bacon is to the latter. The things that annoy us when we are at par annoy us tenfold when we are at bedrock, and if I loathe piffle when I am well, the devil a bit of it will I want when I'm ill.

So, in writing for the Nervous Wreck, Mr. Author, do *not* write piffle unless it be Professorial Piffle of the genus "Alice in Wonderland," or Mr. Leacock's "Nonsense Novels," or Mr. Clouston's "Lunatic at Large," or Wells's "Invisible Man," or Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa." Rather abandon piffle altogether, or any attempt to write down. Neurosis demands, in the first instance, that you write fair and square, remembering that we are tired, and that we were put into our railway carriage, or our bed, or our deck-chair, or on to our couch. Something amusing, of course? It does not follow. We are not easily amused; to smile is an effort, to laugh an enterprise. Unless you are *sure* of success, don't attempt to amuse us. Besides, we are a varied crowd, and some of us joke wi' difficulty. Safer to leave out the amusement idea.

Dramatic! Something that will arrest us, grip us, hold us breathless? I should like once again to insist that we are tired, and that any story that appears to have any violent intent is likely to be dropped languidly out of window. Besides, the characters in "dramatic" stories are likely to remind us, more or less, of those whom we regard as responsible for our present condition—rogues and knaves, and hypocrites—so spare us all suggestion of them.

If one is not to be nonsensical, or humorous, or dramatic, what is there left to be? Ah, yes. Smart and Social! "Damn," said Lady Flo. "How dare Phipps be so punctual with the motor. The last time he was late and the time before too early. He never seems to do the right thing. I shall sack him." M'yes. She seems as if she might do, if *she can keep it up*. Her state of mind—unreasoning and inconsistent annoyance—is sympathetic to us. I would say at once that the author who can populate his stories with characters who are actively in the state of mind that we are in passively seems to be the man for our money. A nervous wreck is above all conscious of himself and his own condition; the people he will wish to meet, both in real life and in fiction, must be those who reflect himself. For instance, one of the best stories of the kind I know of was Mr. Hichens's inimitable "Coming of the Music," in which a man and a woman, both influenza victims, fell violently into symptoms with each other. Mr. Hichens wrote that story when *he* had influenza, as Keats wrote "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" when he had consumption. It is necessary to be *au courant* with your topic. "He who drives fat oxen, etc." Authors, to write for wrecks, must get wrecked themselves, and that is a thing these smooth, simple-living, sport-loving bucolics seem never likely to accomplish. Being rejected may drive one to crime or suicide, but not to neurasthenia. That is the consequence of too regular, not too irregular, activity. It is the Business Man's Burden. To be able to write good stories for Me and Mine the writer must get himself into my state of mind. He must have clients, principals, clerks; must have a fixed income and the liabilities thereof: a wife and family.

But a glorious idea. Let the Editor of THE BYSTANDER offer a handsome prize for the best short story, and select the Judging Committee from the ranks of the nervous wrecks. I shall be happy to sit upon it and to help choose my fellow-members. (NOTE BY THE EDITOR—Our contributor need not trouble himself. We doubt if any Committee of Nervous Wrecks is likely to be better qualified to judge what suits the neurasthenic taste this "summer" than the staff of THE BYSTANDER.)

The PLACE and Its PASTIMES

No. 11 EXETER

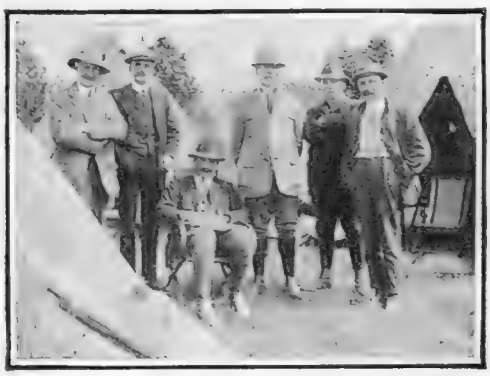
By Leonard Willoughby

EXETER'S FAMOUS CATHEDRAL

THE historic old City of Exeter, is, in my opinion, very fairly well off for sports and pastimes for its citizens. I know of scarcely any outdoor amusement practised by Englishmen and women which cannot be found here. It is, therefore, a very attractive place, and its situation, so near to the sea, and its wonderfully beautiful surroundings, makes it a most pleasant residentiary town. Since the commencement of the present century bowls has made rapid strides in Devonshire. Starting with a few enthusiasts, a club was formed at Gras Lawn, Exeter. The City of Exeter Bowling Club has now a green which compares favourably with any in the country, and has a membership of about sixty. There are two other clubs, viz., the Exonia and the Heavitree. Golf is played on the summit of Pennsylvania, one and a half miles from the town. This is a nine-hole course, artificially bunkered, with good turf and greens, the longest hole, the third, being 477 yds.

The Victoria Park Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, affiliated to the Lawn Tennis Association and to the Croquet Association, has its own ground, prettily situated opposite to the playing-fields of the Exeter School. Here there are two croquet lawns and four tennis courts. An annual open tournament is held the last week in July, a popular event which forms a link of the West of England tour. The Exonia Rifle Club was formed in 1902, and though the membership is not very strong, still, what the club lacks in quantity is more than compensated for by the quality. Last year the club had seven representatives in the county civilian team

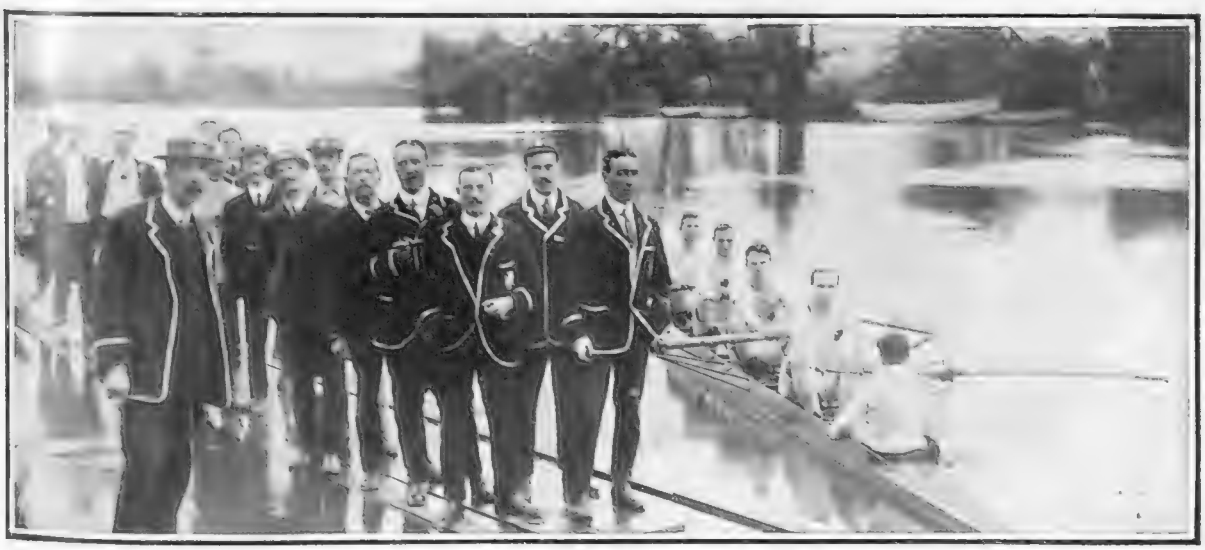
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR OF EXETER
Mr. C. J. Vlieland, M.D.



From left to right: Messrs. H. A. Drew (Hon. Treas.), H. Cornwell, W. Sansom (Capt. and Hon. Sec.), J. Sheldon, E. Palmer, H. S. Moore

MEMBERS OF THE EXONIA RIFLE CLUB

Photographed at Bisley before shooting for the Astor Championship Cup, in which competition they obtained second place



ROWING ON THE EXE: MEMBERS OF THE CLUB WATCHING THE BOATS BEING BROUGHT OUT

The Exeter A.R.C. has a membership of close on one hundred, and there is great keenness and a strong desire to make rowing a success apart from professionalism. The Club was formed in 1864, and since then has always had racing crews of coxed fours

Sports That Are Popular in Exeter

LAWN TENNIS: SOME PROMINENT PLAYERS SPINNING FOR COURT

The Victoria Park Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club is affiliated to the Lawn Tennis and Croquet Associations. There are two croquet lawns and four tennis courts

versus Somerset, the average score of the seven being the high one of 92 points per man.

There are two rowing clubs in Exeter, the principal being the Exeter A.R.C., with its headquarters at Port Royal. Of the pastimes of the city, rowing has always been regarded as one of their premiers, the club being one of the oldest of all sporting clubs in the city. One of the pillars of the A.R.C. is the

BOWLS: SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE CITY OF EXETER BOWLING CLUB

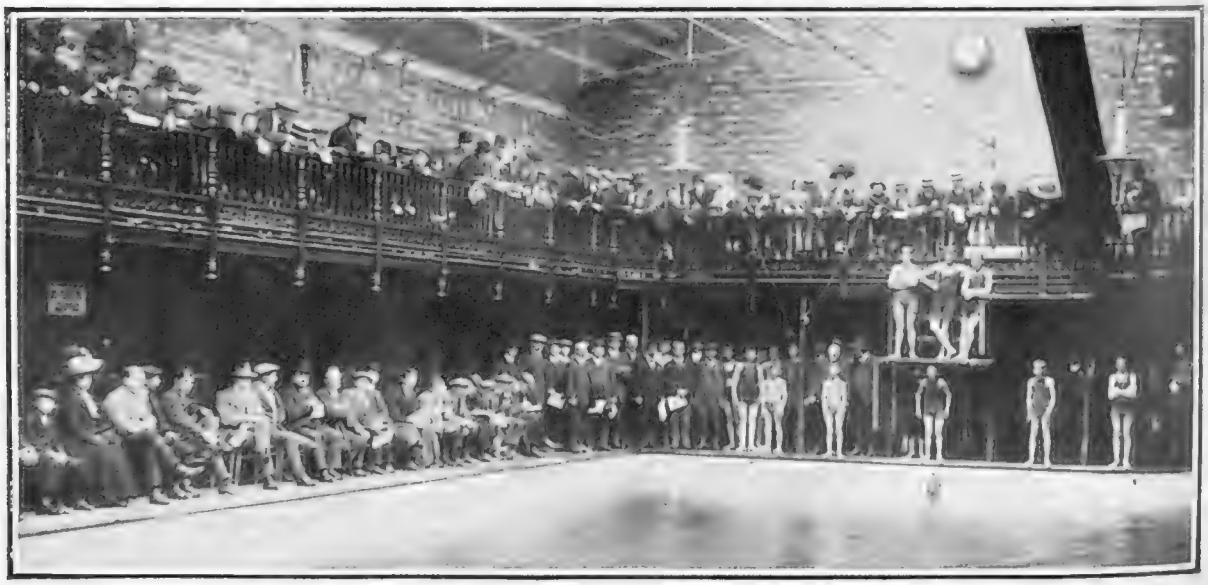
The Club was in the final for the County Championship in 1910-11

CROQUET: THE PRESIDENT, MR. ROPER, PLAYING A MATCH

The Club has a history of thirty years' unbroken prosperity

vice-Chairman and Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. B. Edwards, while the Captain, Mr. G. Dart, the Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. Pyne, and the Chairman, Mr. H. Harding, all work hard for the success of the club.

The Exeter Harriers are the premier team of the West of England, and in 1911 won the Western Counties' Championship. The club was founded in 1904, and each year has road-races



SWIMMING: A COMPETITION BETWEEN THE CLUBS HELD IN THE CORPORATION BATHS

Swimming is a sport which is fairly popular in Exeter, and there is always a goodly attendance of spectators on such occasions as that above depicted

Home to dinner and THE PIANOLA

Back from a good day's sport, hungry as hunters, tired in every limb—let us bid the darkening sky good-night and pass into the light where food and music await us.

A warm tub, a change of kit, a jolly meal, and then the Pianola is the order of the evening. At such a time no money in the world could buy your Pianola—its music floods the mind with perfect contentment—never a "Don't know that tune," or "Haven't got my music" checks your desires—for on it anyone can play any tune ever written.

A Pianola Piano completes the resources of a country house or shooting box. It is a combination of the Pianola with the famous Steinway, Weber, or Steck Pianos.

Call at Æolian Hall and play the Pianola Piano, or write for Catalogue K.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

THE ORCHESTRELLE Co.,
ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond St., London, W.

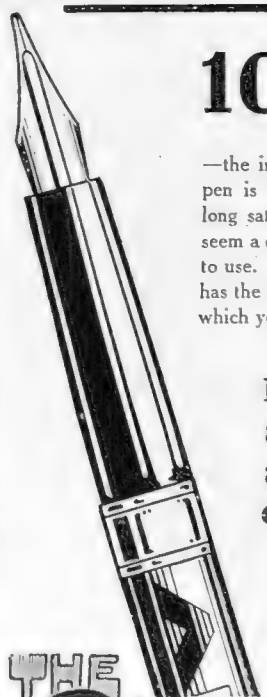
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

A DRYAD CHAIR

has that distinction of style & quality of workmanship only found where the skilled craftsman and artist work hand in hand. The designs are original and have a quiet dignity found in none of the many imitations now being offered as "like Dryad."

Silver Medal, Brussels Exhibition, 1910
Diploma of Honour, Turin, 1911

Illustrated book of designs post free from maker
H. H. Peach, Y dept., Dryad Works, Leicester



10/6 or more

—the initial cost of a "Swan" Fountpen is trifling compared with the lifelong satisfaction it affords. It may not seem a cheap-to-buy pen, but it is cheap to use. It outlasts all others because it has the hardest, smoothest writing point which years of writing do not touch.

No one can use a "Swan" and afterwards dispense with it

Be sure YOU get

THE "SWAN"

Sold by Stationers and Jewellers.

Write for Free Catalogue.

MABIE, TODD & CO., 79 and 80, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

38, Cheapside, E.C.; 95a, Regent St., W., London; 3, Exchange Street, Manchester; 10, Rue Neuve, Brussels; Brentano's, 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; and at New York and Chicago.

Hunting, Golf, Running, and Cycling

HOUNDS CROSSING A STREAM

In the winter months hunting is a favourite sport with Exonians

with various clubs in the West, and has only been beaten on four occasions. There is a membership of eighty, who turn out well in winter for road-running twice weekly, and once a week for cross-country runs of eight and ten miles. Running is very popular and increasing, and there are some exceptionally good men on the track in summer.

GOLF ON EXETER'S NINE-HOLE COURSE

The Hon Sec., Mr. A. C. K. Roberts, putting in a match against the Captain of the Club, Dr. Shirley Steele-Perkins

Hockey is played at Gras Lawn by the Mid-Devon, a strong club, who supply several county men. Football consists here of a Rugby and a professional Soccer team. The Rugger team play all the clubs of note in Devon and Somerset, with a good sprinkling of West touring holiday teams. In addition to the foregoing, there are in Exeter swimming, Badminton, and cricket, whilst cycling is popular, and there is a strong and flourishing club. An inhabitant must, therefore, be very hard up for amusement if he cannot find something to interest him in his leisure hours, especially in winter, if he cares for hunting the fox, the hare, or the otter. Exeter is admirably served by the London and South Western Railway.

A TEAM OF HARRIERS

The Exeter Harriers are the premier team of the West of England, and the Club was formed in 1904

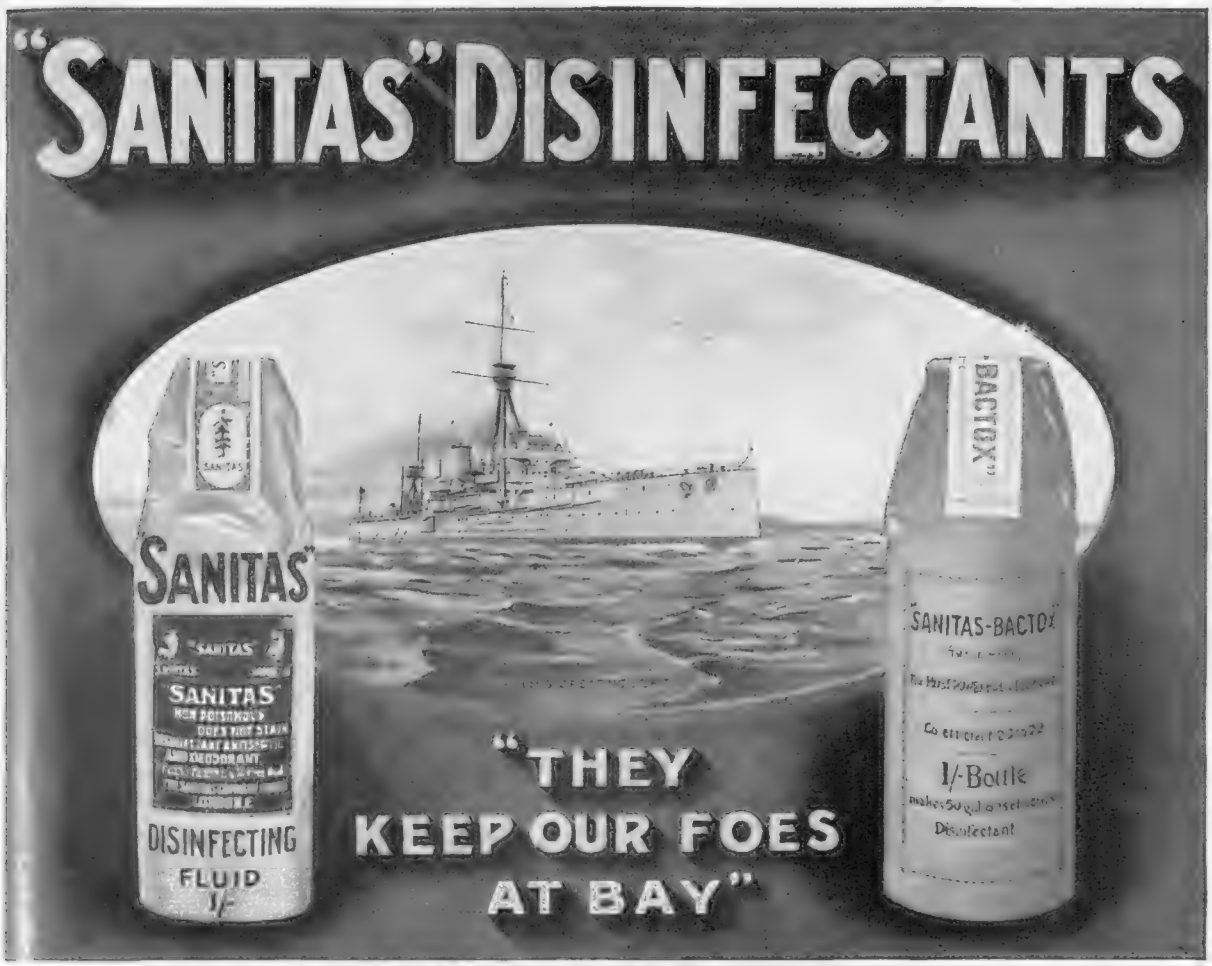
NEXT WEEK'S ARTICLE WILL DEAL WITH

CARDIFF

A MEET OF THE CYCLING CLUB

The Cycling Club is in a flourishing condition, and the pastime is a popular one in Exeter

"SANITAS" DISINFECTANTS



MARK CROSS LONDON TRADE MARK

Observe the shape of the "Cross" Cloth Brush, and note the pronounced graduation of the Bristles

THIS graduation, and the "give" of the all-leather back imparts to the brush a great power of penetration, and at the same time prevents dragging of the surface of the cloth.

The deep end of the brush is serviceable for the removing of light dust, the extreme length of the bristles giving flexibility and softness. Whereas, the shallow end is for hard, vigorous brushing, the shortness of the bristles giving rigidity and power. Take as test, spots of sticky mud, and you will find they will fly clear away, leaving the cloth clean and with a freshened appearance.

Price 7/6 post free

Write to-day for new Winter list No. 2 of useful leather goods

MARK CROSS, Ltd

89 Regent Street, London

"Country Life"

Smoking Mixture

This delightful combination of the Best Tobaccos is sold in two strengths:

MILD and MEDIUM.

5D. per ounce. **1/8** per ¼-lb. tin.

N.B.—"Country Life" is packed in original packets and tins by the Manufacturers:

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Yachts and—

THIS has been a wretched season for everybody, but particularly for yachtsmen. To be stormbound in some strange port without friends—even although the various yachting clubs are usually so exceedingly hospitable and kind—is not pleasant, and when the Powers that Be have decided to give a typical display of our curious summer weather for week after week your yachtsman must be sorely tempted to disembark in disgust and take the first train home. And once home, I can suggest no better amusement for him than a perusal of *The Complete Yachtsman* (Methuen: 15*s.* net), by B. Heckstall-Smith and Captain E. Du Boulay, a monumental work of some five hundred pages. Indeed, this book should make a wider appeal than to the disappointed owner of a yacht, for I do not remember ever to have seen so much information on the subject gathered together.

—Their Management

Presuming you know nothing of boats or sheets or the peculiarities of the sea—the sea can be very peculiar at times, as I remember to my cost on board a 50-ton schooner—or of the etiquette and excitement of racing, here is the book to tell you all about everything. Here are chapters on that, to the outsider, difficult subject of rating, on the auxiliary engine, now so common—what a blessing a motor can be in a dead calm!—on building and buying and designing, on ice-yachts and sea-fishing, and on the historical side of the matter. A very carefully prepared and well-illustrated manual which I can thoroughly recommend to all who are drawn to this most delightful, if expensive, pastime.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. E. F. BENSON

Whose latest novel, "Mrs. Ames" (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), is reviewed on this page

Mr. E. F. Benson and Middle Age

Mr. E. F. Benson's latest novel, *Mrs. Ames* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), concerns itself with the problems of middle age. He introduces you to a rather stagnant, if polite, community in a small country town, in particular to the three or four most prominent families there. Major (he is Colonel on page 225, but nowhere else) and Mrs. Ames may be called the social leaders of the place. The Major is forty-seven, his wife ten years older. Mr. and Mrs. Altham talk scandal and go to dinner-parties. Dr. Evans and his wife (she is a distant cousin of Mrs. Ames) have a nice house and garden. Mrs. Evans is pretty, Mrs. Ames is not. The Major has a flirtation with his cousin-by-marriage, and Mrs. Evans prepares to "live." Mrs. Ames attempts to beautify herself to little purpose, and ultimately joins the militant Suffragettes, and behaves at a Cabinet Minister's meeting in that curiously inept manner which the Suffragettes themselves think brave and everybody else ridiculous. The Major and Mrs. Evans prepare to fly, but—do not. And that is all. But Mr. Benson has his own way of telling you things, and these half-dozen people, unpleasant as most of them are—the Althams, in particular, are detestable—really emerge from the book in an almost startling manner. These middle-aged, or middle caged, folk—for caged they are, though they know it not—do exist, and Mr. Benson has caught them, and does not tone down the picture as he might have done, but shows them just as they are. Mrs. Ames certainly may be given more sympathy than her social rivals, but I was prepared, after reading what Mrs. Altham thought of her, to find a more gracious and less snobbish woman. But it is fine, if depressing, comedy, and the fancy-dress ball, to which came no less than four Cleopatras—their Antonys got slightly mixed—will make anyone laugh.

Successor to Raffles

The name of Napoleon Prince must be added to those genial and ingenious breakers of the law who are so popular nowadays. Miss May Edginton is his inventor, and in *The Adventures of Napoleon Prince* (Cassell: 6*s.*) has written a most excitingly improbable series of coups. Prince, until the last adventure, is a semi-paralysed gentleman who wheels himself about in an invalid-chair, but the chair seems to go everywhere, and Prince is generally the richer for its journeys. He has a pretty sister, who marries a baronet, once his partner, and himself marries a still more beautiful adventuress who had got the better of him. It may rain in the next few weeks, and Prince will prove an agreeable companion if you cannot go out.

RALPH STRAUS

You can invariably tell smokers of "Three Nuns": the happiness they taste is manifest in their expression. This fine old mixture is the most delightful of all consolers; you fall a victim to its intimate charm at the first pipe—and you never tire of it. Light, cool, bland and fragrant—and flavoury as a nut.

Bell's

THREE NUNS

Tobacco

King's Head is similar, but stronger.

Both are obtainable everywhere at

6½d. per oz.

THREE NUNS

(Medium)

CIGARETTES

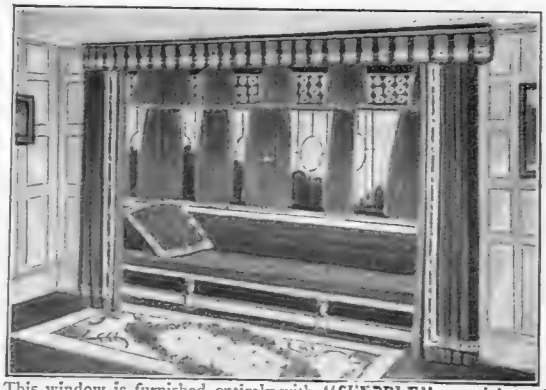
3d. for 10.

No. 2.9

The Home Beautiful

The 1912 Edition of this interesting book, published by WILLIAMSON & COLE, LTD, is the most up-to-date guide on furnishing. Special care is shown in their schemes and suggestions, which are fully illustrated in colour, and must be of interest to all those who wish to furnish artistically and inexpensively. A copy will be sent post free upon application.

Loose Cover Specialists.



This window is furnished entirely with **"SUNPRUF"** materials, and is guaranteed absolutely fadeless. The Rug has a cream ground with chintz colourings, very decorative. 4ft. 6in. by 2ft. 3in.. **8/11.**

Splendid range of **PLAIN AND PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS** in the latest designs and colours from **5¾d.** per yd. Quality unequalled.

BOLTON SHEETINGS in new colourings and effects, **1/2½, 1/6,** and **1/8½** per yd., 50in. wide.

CRETONNES, CHINTZES, AND TAFFETAS in the newest designs and colours, suitable for Autumn and Winter Covers, varying in price from **5½d.** to **10/11** per yd. The most complete range obtainable.

"Sunpruf"

TRADE MARK

Reg. App. for

UNFADABLE FABRICS

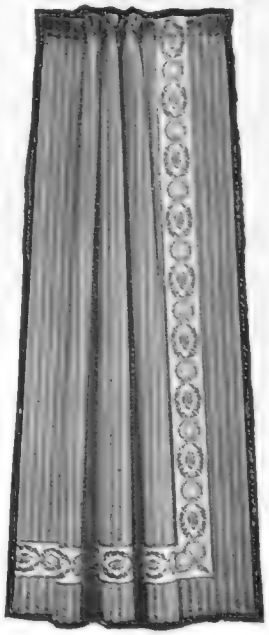
"The Fabrics of To-Day."

WILLIAMSON & COLE, LTD., have added considerably to their range of Unfadable Fabrics, and are now showing a selection which has no equal. They are dyed from the most permanent colours the world has yet known.

UNIQUE GUARANTEE.

All "Sunpruf" Fabrics are absolutely unfadable to sun and washing, and Williamson & Cole, Ltd., undertake to replace free of charge any "Sunpruf" material that fails to meet this guarantee.

THE "EMILIEN" CURTAIN.



Delightful Curtain in Knoyle Stripe Tapestry, 3¼ yds. long, bordered one side and foot, **19/11** per pair. In cream, rose, light green, red, blue, dark green.

"SUNPRUF" CASEMENT CLOTHS, in exquisite colourings, from **9½d.** to **3/11** per yd.

"SUNPRUF" TAPESTRIES, suitable for Curtains and Upholstery, in all colours and designs, from **2/11** to **12/11** per yd.

"SUNVELOUR." An ideal reversible material. Rich in effect, heavy in texture, **3/6** per yd., 50in. wide.

"SUNPRUF" SATIN, in beautiful colours. **6/6** per yd., 50in. wide.

"SUNPRUF" REP, in ten beautiful colours, rich silky effect, **3/1½** per yd., 50in. wide.

IDEAL AUTUMN CURTAIN FABRICS.

Choice selection of **TAPESTRIES AND BROCADES** in all qualities and special colourings to suit all styles of decoration.

ENGLISH MADE VELVETS.

ARUNDEL VELVET, in unique colourings. **2/9** per yd., 50in. wide.

VICTORIAN VELVET, specially treated, interesting colours, **3/6** per yd., 50in. wide.

SATIN CLOTH, bright and lustrous, in all the latest decorative colourings, **3/11** per yd., 50in. wide.

WONDERFUL SELECTION OF MOIRES, SILKS, AND PLAIN FABRICS, suitable for Boudoir and Drawing Room Curtains, varying in price from **2/6** to **21/9** per yd.

ART SERGES, 1/0¾, 1/6¾, and **1/9¾** per yd. In specially dyed colours. Best value procurable.

Patterns post free upon application.

Williamson & Cole LTD

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

SPORTS and PASTIMES

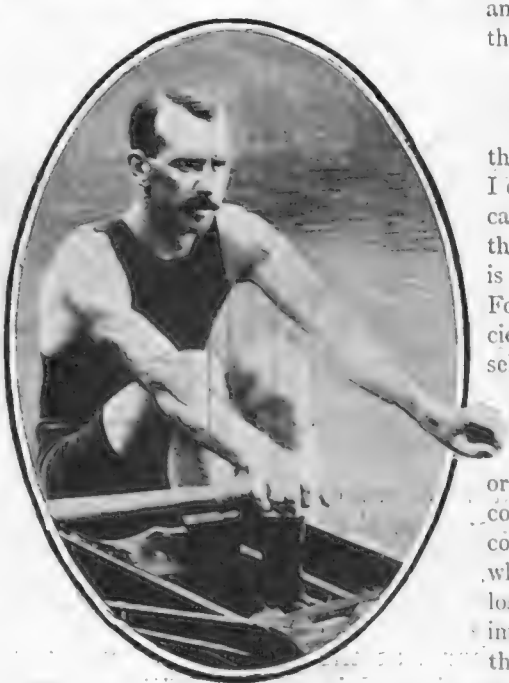
LAWN TENNIS

Bon Voyage to the Davis Cup Team

The appropriate thing to do this week is evidently to wish our Davis Cup team, which sails for Australia to-morrow (September 12) in quest—to use the now hackneyed cricket phrase—of the ashes of English lawn tennis, *bon voyage et bonne chance.* The position is this:—Of the three challenging nations, America, France, and the British Isles, our team has beaten France (in the memorable match at Folkestone in July) and America has retired, not being able to raise a team to go to Australia, so that the British Isles become the final challengers. The chosen four—which, be it understood, does not mean the best four, but the best four available—are C. P. Dixon, J. C. Parke, F. G. Lowe, and A. E. Beamish. Places would doubtless have been found for those two well-tried and ever-reliable heroes, H. Roper Barrett and A. W. Gore, had they been available, but as they are not, no one can cavil at the final choice which has been made.

Its Composition—

Dixon, Parke, and Beamish are already Davis Cup Internationals, and Lowe (like Beamish and Dixon) was one of the team which toured in South Africa in the winter of 1910-11. All, therefore, have had experience of foreign travel, foreign surroundings, and the business of getting acclimatised to foreign conditions of weather. Dixon has played a lot in partnership with Beamish in South Africa, and Beamish and Parke have played well together in England, so that we have two possible pairs for the Doubles match. Lowe, I imagine, if he is used at all, will be used only in the Singles. Dixon will play in the Singles almost without a doubt, and, therefore, I think that the best disposition of the team would be Dixon and Parke (or Lowe) for the Singles and Parke and Beamish for the Doubles.



EDWARD DURNAN

The champion professional sculler of America, who has challenged Ernest Barry (holder) for the World's Championship. The race will be rowed on the Thames in October

—And Prospects

Upon our chances of retrieving the ashes I prefer not to dilate. I cannot place them in a higher category than "possible," even though the redoubtable Wilding is not available for Australasia. For Norman Brookes is a sufficiently tough proposition in himself for any side to have to face—I regard him as even tougher than Wilding—and after him come Heath, Dunlop, and one or two more, who on their native courts are tough enough in all conscience. But the question whether we are going to win or lose is, after all, of secondary importance. What matters is that after many years we are at length sending a team to Australasia for the first time on record, and that that team is not only going to try for the Davis Cup, but is also going to tour the whole country, or as much of it as can be toured in the time available. Away over there they have been longing for this to happen for years, and it is safe to say that our men, whether they win or lose the Cup, will be received everywhere with open arms.

BASE-BALL IN WALES: A SWIPE TO LEG

The American national game is said to have caught on in the Principality, but to judge from the accompanying illustration, it must so far be in quite an embryonic stage. The "striker," it will be observed, is playing with a cricket bat; the "catcher" is not masked and padded, as all base-ball "catchers" must be if they value their lives, and posts are being used in place of the orthodox "bases" in fact, none of the proper paraphernalia of the game seems to be forthcoming

OWING TO THEIR SUPERIOR QUALITY,
Uniformity, and Durability, the

"COLONEL"

GOLF BALLS STILL MAINTAIN THEIR PREMIER POSITION IN THE GOLF BALL WORLD.

"WHITE COLONEL" - - 2/6
The Golf Ball de Luxe. Made in two markings.

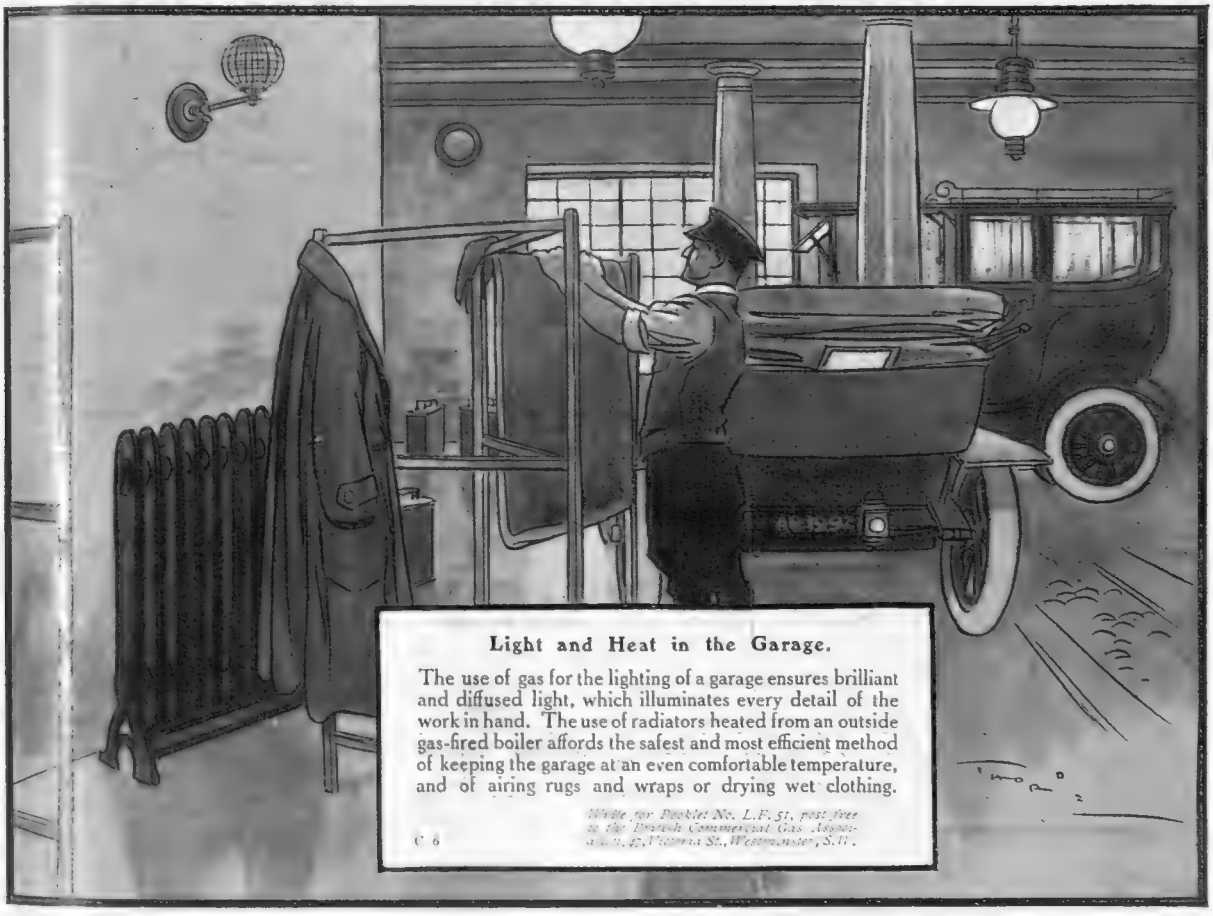
"ARCH COLONEL" - - 2/6
Sunken Marking. The Latest Golf Ball.

"PATENT COLONEL" - - 2/-

"HEAVY COLONEL" - - 2/-
The Ideal Ball for Windy Days.

Sold everywhere. 6d. each allowed for old "Colonels" when new ones purchased.

ST. MUNGO MANUFACTURING CO., GOVAN, SCOTLAND.
London Office: 37, Walbrook, E.C. New York Office: 37, Warren Street.



Light and Heat in the Garage.

The use of gas for the lighting of a garage ensures brilliant and diffused light, which illuminates every detail of the work in hand. The use of radiators heated from an outside gas-fired boiler affords the safest and most efficient method of keeping the garage at an even comfortable temperature, and of airing rugs and wraps or drying wet clothing.

Write for Booklet No. L.F. 51, post free to the British Commercial Gas Association, 47, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.

C 6

EAU DE JEUNESSE JANE HADING

and

Poudre de Jeunesse JANE HADING

The famous Paris Face Lotion and Powder to which Jane Hading owes her Youth and Beauty.

LOTION— **per 8/6 Bottle.** POWDER— **per 6/- Box.**
POST FREE.

On Sale in London at:
ROBERTS & CO., 76, NEW BOND ST., ARMY & NAVY STORES, LTD., ETC.

BRITISH DEPOT: 59-61, NEW OXFORD STREET.
GENERAL DEPOT: 38, RUE DU MONT THABOR, PARIS.

The Right Paper to write on. That's

HIERATICA

It reduces the tedium of letter-writing, the surface is so even, the pen grips the paper with ease, and correspondence becomes a pleasure. Of all Stationers at 1/- a Box. **Free Samples** and interesting Booklet on application to

HIERATICA Works, Hill St., Finsbury, London.

RACING: The St. Leger. By CARBINE

The Great Yorkshire Meeting

All roads lead to the Town Moor this week. If you want to see true enthusiasm for racing you must go into Yorkshire. I have been spending a lot of time in the North Riding recently, and the general interest in turf matters manifested in all directions has rather surprised me. Even in little villages in the lovely dales you find many who will converse intelligently on current racing affairs. And the majority of these folk, with the spirit of sport bred in them, are going to see the St. Leger this week. I always think that the station at Doncaster on this great day of the year is one of the sights of the kingdom. Hundreds of excursions from every part run into a bewildering maze of platforms and sidings. What a good old Yorkshire roar there will be if Lomond wins, for, in addition to belonging to a North-country owner, that colt has gained the sympathy of the crowd by reason of the vicissitudes which he has passed through this season. Perhaps an equally popular victory would be that of Tagalie, who will instantly become the idol of the Yorkshire crowd if she can repeat her Epsom triumph.

Lomond's Good Chance

Last week I said that Lomond would be my St. Leger selection unless anything went wrong with him in the meantime. The Epsom colt was then quoted at 9 to 4. He has shortened to 11 to 8 at the moment of writing, and I am glad to say that he has given every satisfaction in his final gallops. His chance of success will be appreciably strengthened if Frank Wootton can ride him. Rightly or wrongly, I regard Lomond as the star three-year-old in a very moderate season, and I look to him to prove the accuracy of this view on Wednesday. Tagalie has always been a favourite of mine, and, as I have already told you, her trainer fully expects her to make an effective effort. I am rather discouraged as far as she is concerned by the fact that the going will be on the soft side, which will not suit her. I think that Lomond will prove a decisive winner, and for places I recommend TAGALIE and TRACERY.

Other Selections

There will be many other interesting races during the week. I think that Balscadden may follow his notable Manchester success by winning the Rufford Abbey Handicap on Wednesday, while Devil Dodge should take the Bradgate Park Nursery on the same afternoon. I shall select Bashti or Garryhoe as the likely winner of the Portland Handicap on Thursday, when Glencairn may secure the Rous Plate. On the last day Prince Palatine, who gained such a slashing triumph over this course a year ago, has an easy task in the Doncaster Cup, nor do I see anything likely to upset Lance Chest in the Doncaster Stakes. For the Prince of Wales's Nursery Devil Dodge or Ocydrome is my selection.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. under 1lb. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

The most Advantageous Terms of any Reliable Turf Accountancy Extant—(Vide Press)

£50,000 Guaranteed DEPOSIT at Bankers for this particular business.

(CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY.)

Write giving particulars of your requirements to

DANIEL M.
GANT
41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Miss Gabrielle Ray says: "'Poinsetta' is the most delicate and delightful scent I have ever found."

Atkinson's
Poinsetta
Perfume

Of all chemists, 4/6, 8/6 & 20/- per bottle.
Toilet Powder 2/-, Toilet Soap 1/-, Sachets 1/-, Perfumed water-softening crystals for the bath 2/6, 7/6 and 12/-.
24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

Printed in Facsimile Colours,
Mounted on Art Green Paper.

READY FOR FRAMING.

"The Intruder"

BY NICHOLAS WALKER.

Size of Picture 9¾" by 6⅜" Size of Mount 18" by 12"

Price 1s. 1d. Post Free.

To be obtained from
"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, W.C.

New "Spungola" Shirts

OUR RENOWNED ALL BRITISH WASHING SILK.

THESE SHIRTS can also be had in "VIYELLA"

THE SILK OF ALL SILKS
For Ladies' Shirts, and Blouses,
Made in over 100 different designs and colours.
Patterns Post Free on Request.
20½ in. wide 1/11¾ per yard.

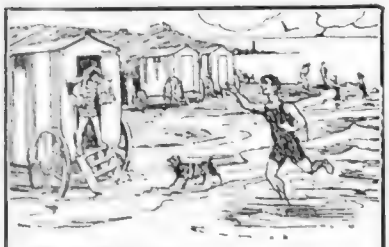
No. 14 BB.
Ideal "Spungola" Silk Shirt.
With Raglan Sleeves, Pocket, fastens front, with new French Bow. In 100 different Coloured Stripes on Ivory Ground, also Ivory.
Price 14/11
Same design in Viyella, Price 10/11

No. 13 BB.
Tailored "Spungola" Silk Shirt.
American Yoke, fastens front, and fitted with Double Detachable Collar. In 100 different Coloured Stripes on Ivory Ground, also Ivory.
Price 12/9 (including Silk Tie). Same design in "Viyella," Price 8/9

D. H. EVANS & Co., Ltd. BOND ST. NEAREST TUBE STATION,
290 to 320, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W., Pay Carriage throughout U.K.

YOUR HOLIDAY next year must be spent in BELGIUM. International Exhibition, GHENT, April to October (350 acres). Display of Industries, valuable British Section, Flower Shows Sports, Races, and endless attractions. Fine medieval city, close to Brussels, Bruges, Ostend, etc. Return fare from 14s. Four routes—London, Dover, Harwich, and Hull. Send for Booklets, Knight, Kitchener and Co., 1, Southampton Row, London, W.C.

SAMPLE OF
ALLEN-BROWN'S ENGLISH VIOLET SOAP OR PERFUME
Sent post free for FOUR PENNY STAMPS, "As fragrant as the flower."
DAINTY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE.
Misses ALLEN-BROWN, F.R.H.S., Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.

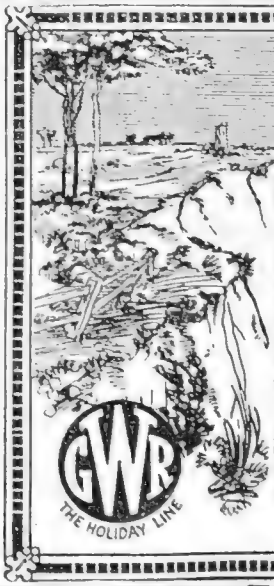


SEA-BATHING—
ROUGH TOWELLINGS—
REFRACTORY HAIR.

ANZORA CREAM
MASTERS THE HAIR.

EVIDENCE: "*Playing Golf, as I do, without a hat, I am glad to find Anzora keeps my hair quite tidy. It is nice to use, too, NOT MESSY, NOR GREASY.*"
LONDON OPINION.

For Holiday satisfaction take a bottle; 1/6 (2/6 double size), of all Hairdressers, Stores, etc., or from
The ANZORA CO., 213K, High Road, KILBURN, N.W.
C. & Co.



CORNWALL

The Land of Beauty and Romance

This year, decide on CORNWALL. The finest coast scenery in England—sea and sky of Mediterranean hues—glorious bathing sands—best of golf, fishing, walking—a *real* holiday land, and a summer holiday resort that is "different." Superb Express Services by Great Western Railway.

254-page Holiday Book, 2d. POST FREE

The G.W.R. have published a most useful Holiday Book "Holiday Haunts in the West." It is full of useful holiday hints succinctly stated; it tells you where to stay as well as where to go; and it contains over 100 illustrations printed in sepia ink (photographs full of *suggestions* for *holiday-prize* photographers). All prospective holiday-makers should at once secure this useful book. Obtainable at G.W.R. Stations and Offices, or post free for 2d. in stamps from Supt. of the Line G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W. Write *to-day*.
FRANK POTTER, General Manager.

GWR THE HOLIDAY LINE

Peter's SWISS MILK Chocolate
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

SHOOTING

THE PROMISE OF THE PARTRIDGE

IF the appalling weather we have been through has been of no sort of use whatever to the country, to farmers, and to owners of shoots, it has at least been a Godsend to the newspapers during the "silly season." To owners of shoots, and partridge ones especially, it must spell disaster. Reports say things are not so bad in many parts, especially in the South, though in the North they are as bad as can be. I do not know why the South should be any better off than the North, as rain has been incessant everywhere. I am quite certain we shall find that, though there are some birds to shoot, the bags will consist chiefly of old and last year's birds. Few young birds could possibly withstand the pitiless deluge we have had, and thousands upon thousands must have been washed away. Barren birds are in evidence everywhere, probably birds whose nests and families have been destroyed. At one time things were very promising, and we hoped for a good show of birds, just as we anticipated a good grouse year. It may so happen that in one or two places birds may have escaped, and if so there will be a little sport, but, as a rule, bags must be small.

This Climate of Ours

So little is done to help the wretched bird to withstand our rotten and uncertain climate; few people even try to adopt any artificial methods of rearing and protecting the young whilst they are still liable to early death from wet or drought. It *can* be done, and it will have to be done if ever we desire any certainty as regards good stocks. I maintain that first clutches of partridge eggs should be gathered and placed under bantams for hatching. The youngsters can then be protected from storm and tempest until they are old enough to fend for themselves. It is said that birds so raised will at once "pack" when turned loose. This may be so. Nevertheless, the birds are there, to pair and lay another season, and this is better than having none at all. We put too much faith in this gallant little bird having the power, without any assistance, to right matters and raise stocks year after year, despite our villainous climate, and in doing this we only cut our own throats—metamorphically speaking—and spoil our ships for the sake of a "pennoth of tar."

The Baden-Baden Championship

IT will be noticed that I do not call the championship recently played at Baden-Baden the German Championship. The quarrel between the German Golf Association and the Baden-Baden people has not, so far as I know, been yet settled, nor have the latter received from the former permission to call their competition by the national title. In spite of this I suppose everyone will speak of Taylor as the German Champion, and of the tournament which he won so brilliantly as the German Championship. Apart from other considerations, it hardly seems that a course on which a local rule had to be made, under which the player could lift his ball when embedded in the mud, where it pitched, or on which nine holes could be done in one over threes, is quite up to Championship, even German Championship, standard. However, these points are not, perhaps, worthy of notice. What is interesting is the recovery of form by Taylor. He has had a weary and thorny road to travel since last year, when the fell plague of socketting his approaches attacked him.

Taylor Is Himself Again

He has evidently cured himself, for on such a short course as that at Baden-Baden he must have had scores of mashie shots to play, and must have played them with all his old confidence and accuracy. It would be interesting if he would tell us how he fell a victim to the disease and by what medicine he cured himself. For of all the golfing diseases the most horrible is surely socketting. No two writers are yet agreed as to the true reason for such a failing, nor have any two yet propounded the same remedy. Therefore, in the interests of that large crowd of sufferers who have experienced the ravages of this plague, I appeal to Taylor to give us a full, true, and particular account of the disease, its cause and its cure.

What was the Cure?

It is so rare that one of the great men falls a victim to the failings of the feebler fry, that it would be almost sinful if we failed to learn the secrets that must have been revealed to poor Taylor during his prolonged martyrdom. I suspect that all those who, like Taylor, heavily cut their approach shots are prone some day to overdo it, and to find to their horror and confusion that the ball goes off to cover-point instead of straight to the hole. A few repetitions of the experience are sufficient to undermine the whole edifice of a player's approach play, and he becomes a trembling worm, who begins to loathe and fear the mashie that he used to adore. I speak feelingly on the matter, for I have been through the mill and suffer from time to time from a recurrence of the fever. But I have never really discovered the true reason of the accursed affliction, nor, consequently, the real remedy for it. It is up to Taylor to tell us what it is.

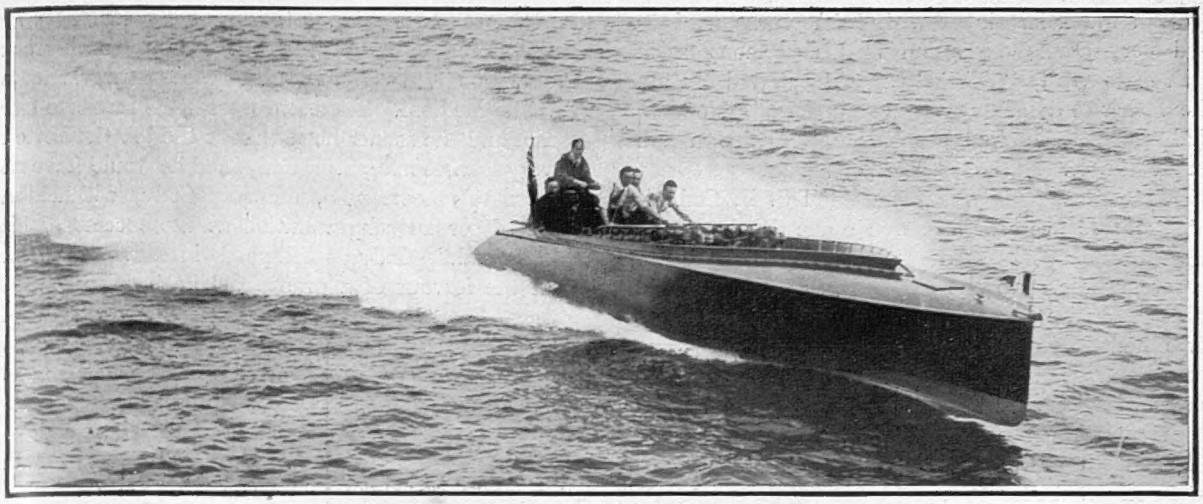
ERNEST LEHMANN

Golfing Resorts

The Glasgow and South Western Railway Company has issued an illustrated booklet with notes on the golfing resorts upon their system. The book is full of interest to golfers, and there are numerous reproductions from photographs of different courses. Turnberry, Ayrshire, is of course, as ideal a spot as any for the golfer, and the luxurious Railway Hotel is right on those splendid links by the sea, besides being convenient for Prestwick, Troon, and other fine courses.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.



Photograph] "MAPLE LEAF'S" VICTORY [*Dixon*

Mr. Tom Sopwith, the famous flyer, at the wheel of "Maple Leaf IV.," which he steered to a fine victory in the International Motor-boat Trophy Race in America

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Star Turn

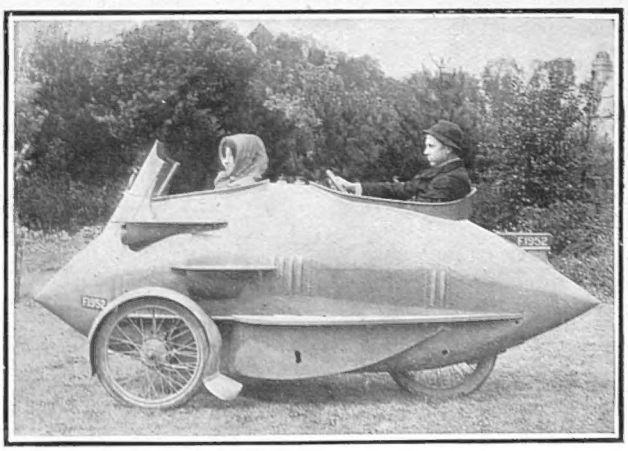
Being shut out of the Standard Car Race because the vehicles entered were standard "sporting" models (which are generally lighter and of higher gear than touring cars), the Star did a solo turn at Brooklands a week ago in order to show what it would have done had it been allowed to compete. It set out on a twelve-hour effort against the clock, touched records at the end of the first hour, and steadily proceeded to smash them right through to the finish. The first sixty minutes yielded a few yards short of sixty-five miles, the second hour nearly seventy-one miles, the third well over sixty-nine miles, when, apparently finding everything at his mercy, Mr. Lisle dropped back a little, picked up again at the eighth hour, in which he did nearly seventy miles, found all well, and finished the last three hours at sixty-seven, sixty-eight, and sixty-seven. Altogether the Star "fifteen" crowded on 801 miles 1,513 yards, an average of close upon 67 m.p.h.

A Twelve-Hour Tribute

That for a fifteen, even a fifteen sporting model, is splendid going, and the Star can place it high upon its crowded list of notable achievements. It makes a great tribute to the car's sturdy construction (because there is nothing quite so potent as a protracted speed-test to rattle a car to pieces), as well as to its engine design and its efficient transmission. On the face of it the result of the Standard Car Race would assuredly have been different had the Star been allowed to start, although, even so, it might not have won against that other swift sporting model, the fifteen Straker-Squire, which was also disqualified. On this showing, too, the Stars were properly barred from participation on even terms with the other standard touring vehicles having lower gears. That apart, it was a very brilliant performance, even for the brilliant Star. Perhaps the Company will now feel a call to the Grand Prix of next year. A Star team would certainly be an additional guarantee of a front place for British cars.

The "All-Cody" Trials

Bravo, Cody! I think everybody must be glad of his success. Even the other competitors who may feel small cause for gratitude at the manner of their treatment by the War Office, will not withhold the word of sincerest congratulation to a man who, without money or influence, but with an ample equipment of enthusiasm, good humour, industry, and frank self-esteem, built a machine himself, built a shed to house it himself, risked his own neck on it—a neck he has been within an ace of breaking on several occasions—and who has now piloted that machine to a victory in the Army Trials so complete that he has left very few sovereigns indeed for distribution among the other competitors. Five-thousand pounds Cody, the ex-Cowboy, has coralled, following close upon an arbitration award of another £5,000 in respect of his man-lifting kites. Cody's luck seems to have turned very violently. I anticipate a most joyous time during the next speeches I hear him called upon to make. That amazing



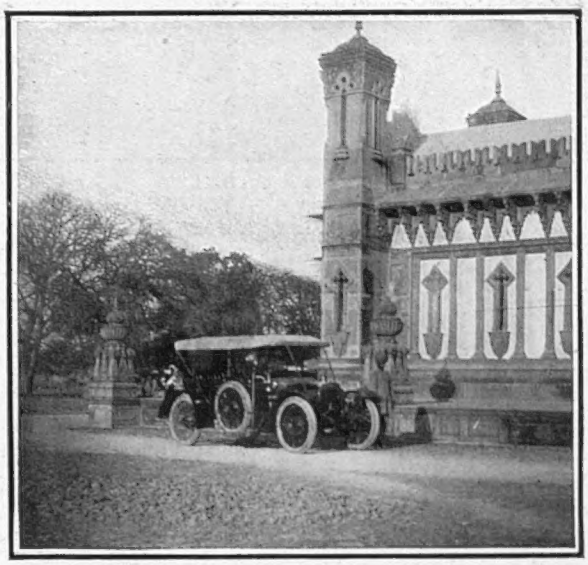
FOR LONDON "INDIAN SUMMERS"

An engineer's idea of the necessary provision against the vagaries of the English climate when motoring

egotism which he shares with John Burns used to find very ample expression in his sermons upon such texts as the "All-Cody machine" and "I am the father of dynamic flight in England." Now we shall have it in war-song metre, long-drawn and unquenchable.

A Deserved Success

But with it all S. F. Cody is sincere. No one developed the "dogged as does it" theme to better purpose. No one has had more difficulties to contend against. Few have had half as many gibes and flouts and sneers administered to them and their work. Through it all Cody kept jolly and energetic, and persistent and plucky. He was absolutely fearless. Danger did not disturb him for a moment. The spectacular effect of riding that danger always appealed to him. Cody in the bones was a showman. I think he loved to be seen with his head in bandages. He certainly had larger opportunities of gratifying his weakness than most men. How many times he has fallen with his machine to emerge from the wreck badly battered and very bloody, but quite undismayed, I do not know. He has escaped death by a miracle on a score of occasions. It did not deter him. He was flying for his wife and children, as he naïvely put it, and that wreck of bamboo and canvas with wire entanglements was the medium. Therefore it must be made to rise again, and the sooner he set about the job the better. A very lovable man, S. F. Cody, and he would have no sportsman's heart who, knowing Cody, withheld a word of cordial congratulation at the success of his "Cathedral." Cody worshipped in that cathedral with the fervour of a priest, and he has his reward to-day—£5,000 worth of it, banked at once for an old-age nest egg. I hope he will pull through comfortably to that endowment assurance — with profits!



THE VAUXHALL IN INDIA

Illustrating the Statue Hall at Balrampur which holds a memorial to the late Maharajah. The car is a 20 h.-p. Vauxhall, a name respected by automobile engineers and motorists throughout the world.

A New Machine

The "Cathedral's" gone, with its great 120 h.-p. Austro-Daimler engine, purchased by the War Office for £1,000, so that Cody will have to build him another. But that, with funds behind him and success to stimulate him, will be easy. Cody will brag, but he will build. His fancies may be farcical, but he will fly. We can put up with his egotism. It is frank and unrestrained, and doesn't interfere with his work. On the contrary, it helps it. Therefore, and very sincerely, I congratulate Cody and hope his luck will hold.

Many would purchase second-hand cars if they knew of a good expert to whom they could apply. Jarrott, Ltd. (Sole Director, Mr. Chas. Jarrott), will be pleased to advise and report on any make of car.—35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.

The Doctor's Delahaye, the perfect doctor's car. We should like every doctor to test this. It is the product of years of study of doctors' special requirements.—Send for booklet, H. M. Hobson Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Photograph *Argent Archer*

A "STAR" TURN AT BROOKLANDS

The "fifteen" Star, which broke all its class records from one hour to twelve, pulling up for petrol during its great race against time.